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THE HOPES OF DAYS GONE BY.

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As on the shores of Time I stray,
And view this life as stretched along,
Methinks through chambers of the soul
I hear the angels in a song.
Their tuneful voices chiming well,
As sweet as Summer's zephyrs sigh—
The burden of the song I hear,
The buried hopes of days gone by.

The wreath of love with hope I twined,
Wearing garlands bright and fair,
Looking forward in this life,
Ne'er dreaming of dull grief and care.
Those flowers, faded, withered lie:
The one I loved, the angels called on high,
And left me on the earth to dream
Of buried hopes of days gone by.

When friendship wakened in my heart
The sympathetic throb and tear,
I met with coldness and deceit,
And sorrow came with each new year.
Life looked so dark and drear to me,
No light of love or peace shone nigh,
And echoing through the weary soul
Were memories of days gone by.

But in the dreary waste of time
A light shone in my soul so clear,
A voice spoke to me o'er the space—
I felt my spirit-love was near;
I felt that she I loved so well,
Who dwelt above, beyond the sky,
Was whispering with an angel's voice
Of happy dreams of days gone by.

She's ever with me as I roam
The weary ways of earthly life;
Her heart receives the echo of each moan,
Her spirit eyes see all the strife;
She hears each murmured prayer I breathe,
And answers back each weary sigh,
And now I feel her presence near
As n the happy days gone by.

I wait, impatient for my Father's voice
To call me from earth's scenes away,
To join my heart's dear one, my own,
In lands of everlasting day
Where ne'er is heard the wail of woe,
The moan of grief, the weary sigh,
And in the living present is forgot
The burried hopes of days gone by.

TREVYLIAN;
OR,
ENTOMBED ALIVE.

CHAPTER I.

I conjure you, by that which you profess
(Howe'er you come to know it), answer me:
Though you untie the winds, and let them fight
Against the churches; though the yesty waves
Confound and swallow navigation up;
Though bladed corn be lodged and trees blown down;
Though castles topple on their warders' heads;
Though palaces and pyramids do slope
Their heads to their foundations; though the treasure
Of nature's germins tumble all together,
Even till destruction sicken, answer
To what I ask you. SHAKESPEARE.

Sir Reginald Trevylian and his young bride were standing in front of the little village inn of Haddo, speaking to mine host of the "Royal Arms." They were both young, he eminently handsome and she "beautiful exceedingly." Sir Reginald was attired in a hunting suit of dark Lincoln green, Lady Trevylian was arrayed in a traveling suit of pale gray, relieved by bows and sash of rose-color; her white hat trimmed with feathers of the same bright hue, the rose-color contrasting well with the fair skin, gray-violet eyes, and golden hair that flowed in half-curled tresses down her shoulders.

"Is there anything else worth seeing in your village?" Sir Reginald asked. "We want to remain here till to-morrow morning, and we have still some hours of daylight left."

"You have seen everything we have worth seeing," was the reply, "unless you like to go up there to the Hill of the Deep Well, and see the old woman who lives there. She will tell your fortune for you, if you like."

"My fortune!" repeated Sir Reginald. "You do not mean to tell me that people believe in such nonsense as that in the nineteenth century?"

"Aye! I believe in her; she has told me more than one or two things that have come to pass, as well as things I didn't want anyone to know but myself."

"Let us go, Reginald," said his bride. "It will be great fun having our fortunes told."

"As you like," was the reply; "but I fear you will find it but stupid fun after all."

A guide was provided by the landlord, and away they went, climbing the rocky height by a narrow footpath, which wound at times by the edge of a precipice, seeming almost perpendicular over the sea below.

At length, entering a wood of tufted pines, a narrow woodland path brought them to the door of the woman's hut. Here they were left by their guide, and, entering by the open door of the cottage, they were at once in the presence of the weird woman and her grandson. The former, a gray-haired, tall, gaunt-looking woman, who sat busying herself by spinning flax, gazed on them as they entered with eyes evidently demanding for what they came.

"We have come to get our fortunes told," said Sir Reginald, in answer to the inquiring glance of the old woman.

"Ye'll have to give me a crown for each fortune I tell," she replied, without moving from her seat or discontinuing her work.

"That I will," replied Sir Reginald. "I'll give you two if you'll tell a good fortune to this young lady, who is my bride."

The old woman now came forward, and, taking Lady Trevylian's ungloved hand in her own, looked at it earnestly for a few minutes; she then let the hand drop from her own, saying:

"I have nothing to tell you, save you had a happy life every day until now, and you'll have happiness every day of your life, maybe, till you lie down on your pillow to die."

"That is a very nice fortune," said the young lady. "Now, can you give me a drink of cold water? I am so thirsty."

"Wait till I have my fortune told," said Sir Reginald, extending his palm to the old woman.

She took the offered hand in hers, looked at it for a second or two, and then, almost throwing it from her, said:

"Let the lady get her drink first; she's not going to choke with the heat and thirst while you get your fortune told. Go, Tom," continued she, addressing the boy, "take the wooden bowl and go with the lady to the spring. It's just out there," added she, speaking to Sir Reginald, and pointing as she spoke to a little rill of clear water trickling from the rock not twenty yards from the door of the hut.

Lady Trevylian and the boy went to the spring, while Sir Reginald waited to have his fortune told. As soon as the old woman thought it safe to do so, she said, in solemn tones:

"That bonny bride of yours will either be lying below the green grass before this time next year—and all your love and your gold cannot buy her an hour longer life—or else she'll bear a sad yoke and lead a troubled life from the day she's six years your wife; whether she'll ever have a quiet or happy heart again I cannot tell. Now let me see your hand."

Sir Reginald felt more inclined to fell the old woman to the earth for her evil tidings than to show her his hand, but she seemed to exercise a spell over him, constraining him, against his better judgment, to do her bidding.

"There's a black crime here," said she, the moment she took his hand in hers; "it's neither murder nor theft, but it's a black, black crime, and it's been committed six years ago, and it's going on and on, and you're committing it every day you rise, and it'll follow you for six years to come."

The man shook while the old woman spoke—shook with both fear and rage. He knew she told the truth, he feared her words, yet her spell was on him; he had no power to leave her.

"You have lots of money and servants and land," continued she, "but you're not the rightful owner of a rood of the land or a crown of the gold, nor does the owner's blood flow in your veins."

He pulled his hand rudely from her as she uttered the last words, and, throwing down the money she had asked for, hurried out of the hut, saying as he did so:

"You confounded old impostor, your fortune is black enough, death to my bride, and for me"—he stopped there, continuing in an undertone which none could hear: "The old woman spoke but too truly when she alluded to the crime that follows me by day and night, but she spoke falsely when she said that I had no right to the land by my blood."

He was now by his wife's side, who was retracing her steps in the direction of the old woman's hut.

"Come, Ethel, we will go back again. I have had my fortune read."

"And what did she tell you? I hope your life will be all happiness, like mine."

"Oh, she told me a lot of stuff. You know I do not believe in those things."

Sir Reginald Trevylian was trying not to believe, and yet fifty times in the course of the evening he asked himself the question:

"How could the old woman tell so clearly of my past life? It is possible she may be able to tell me when that miserable man will find relief in death—from the horrible death in life which he now lives. I have half a mind to go back and hear what she will say."

Later in the day Lady Trevylian's beautiful eyes were sealed in slumber.

She had been walking about the whole day, and her sleep was heavy and deep.

Sir Reginald was climbing the rocky height, up to the weird woman's hut among the pine-trees.

"Confound her!" he said, as his footsteps approached the door! "The old croaker, I hate her. Yet as she certainly has told me part of this past, she may tell me what I so earnestly desire to know of the future. If that man were dead, died by a natural cause, I would have no reason to fear. I have no reason to fear now, but I have what is worse—remorse that lies down with me and rises up with me. It is indeed, as she said, a black crime, perhaps the blackest crime a man can commit against a fellow, and yet Heaven knows that I never contemplated such a thing—that I was goaded on to it—that I never thought of such a crime until it was committed. I would give half of all I possess to be as innocent as I was on the morning of the day it was done."

He found himself again in the presence of the old woman and her grandson.

They were both occupied as they were in the afternoon, the old woman spinning her flax, the boy peeling withes to make baskets. There was a fire of pine-wood on the hearth, the only light in the hut.

The woman seized a lighted knot and held it high above her head, illuminating with a red glare the black rafters and stone walls of the cottage as Sir Reginald entered.

"Ha!" she said, "it is you. I expected you would come, and I am glad you have; although your crime is black, your heart is not, and I would like to see if you'll ever have a chance to do as much good as you've done evil. Go, Tom," continued she, addressing the boy, "and cut some pine-knots for to-morrow. Take one of the sausages to make you think the time short, and don't come back till I call you."

The boy started up, took a huge sausage from a string of such delectable viands, hung inside of the wide chimney, and, lifting an axe, shouldered it and left the hut, whistling as he went.

"Come, now," said the old woman; "if you want to have your fortune told, stand in the middle of that ring."

As she spoke she pointed to a circle on the earthen flooring of the hut, evidently made for the purpose of her incantations. Sir Reginald did as he was bid, at the same time feeling heartily ashamed of having come to the hut. Yet, as before, a spell seemed to hold him to the place, the black eyes of the old woman fascinating him as if they were those of the fabled snake.

The weird woman now took from her pocket a crystal, which sparkled with the light of a diamond, its rays shooting out in a circle, and illuminating the place where she stood, although partly imbedded in the stone in which it was found.

Putting the crystal in Sir Reginald's hand, she said:

"Ask now for what ye want to know."

"Tell me something about my wife."

The old woman peered closely into the crystal, and then replied, speaking rapidly:

"I told you in the morning that your wife would die before a year was out, but I was wrong. She has lines of great grief in her hand, and I was not willing to tell her the weary, wandering life she'll have. Before you are a year married you'll have a son who'll be your spelit plaything for five years, and then'll come the time you have most to fear of all your life; there is a great danger about you. If you pass that time in safety, you'll have a prosperous life, but it won't be a happy one. I can tell you no more."

The woman took the crystal from his hand as she spoke.

"If this is all you have to tell, I came here, almost in the midnight, for nothing."

"What would you have?" asked the old woman, with a scowling, suspicious look, not very flattering to the young man.

"I want you to tell me where my nearest kinsman is, and what he is doing at this very moment."

"Your nearest kinsman," she repeated, peering inquisitively into his eyes.

"Yes, my next of kin," he answered hastily, provoked by his own weakness in coming there, as well as by the supercilious, saucy way in which the old woman spoke. "I want to test your power," said he, "I know where my next of kin is and what he is doing, and I wish to find whether you can tell the truth."

"Ha!" said the old woman, suddenly changing her manner, and speaking as if she were under the influence of a sudden spell. "The fit is on me now, and I'll tell ye that, and maybe more than ye'll like to hear. Follow me to the spring," said she, as she suddenly left the hut.

The young man saw with surprise that the moon was high in the heavens, and he must have passed more time than he had reckoned on in the woman's hut.

All around the spring was flooded by the moonlight, as bright as day, showing the black, jagged rock from which the water flowed, the ferns and primroses among the grass, even the dark green pines and tasseled larches overhead, as clearly as if the sun shone on them.

The woman now took the crystal, and, holding it under the spring till it was quite wet, put it again into Sir Reginald's hand, saying to him as she did so:

"Call out aloud the words that I say to you: 'Come here to me, my next of kin.'"

"Come here to me, my next of kin," Sir Reginald repeated, in tones which rang loud and clear in the silent night.

The woman bent her ear above the crystal as he spoke.

"What is it I see?" exclaimed the woman, in horrified accents; "a poor creature crouching in the corner of a dungeon, with long grizzled beard, and matted hair hanging over his shoulders; he is weak and ill, and now the poor man puts his tongue against the dungeon wall. He is dying of thirst, if not of hunger. An empty flagon is lying on its side not far from him, there are bits of mouldy, unwholesome-looking bread scattered about. Poor creature, he can be little cause of fear to anyone."

She snatched the crystal with lightning quickness, dipped it in the water, and, again putting it in Sir Reginald's hand, peered down into its crystal depths as before.

"Ay! the poor man is there again—he is resting now, and panting with the exertion it gave him to suck the dungeon walls for drink. He is clutching the skins among which he sits, and trying to cover and keep warm his shivering limbs. Aha! there is a blood-red cloud descending from the roof of the dungeon; it is creeping, creeping, now it has settled down on the grizzled, matted head of the poor victim whose restless, wolf-like eyes seem to know and dread its coming."

The woman looked into the knight's face with scowling, reproachful eyes as she said:

"Young man, have ye would not have the red crime of murder added to the black sin-stain already on your palm, ye will not slack horses' speed nor engine's snort till ye reach the place where that poor creature is famishing in his dungeon."

CHAPTER II.

This castle hath a pleasant seat: the air
Nimbly and sweetly recommends itself
Unto our gentle senses. SHAKESPEARE.

The woman called to the boy, and both were inside the cottage and the door was shut, leaving Sir Reginald Trevylian standing by the spring, his face white as ashes, and trembling with horror at the picture the weird woman had exhibited to him.

"I fear that woman has seen but too clearly what is stern reality. Verily there are more things in heaven and earth than our philosophy dreams of," soliloquized he, as he retraced his steps toward the village inn. "Yet how is it possible he could want water already? I gave him a supply sufficient for eight days, and I have only been gone four—the empty pitcher lying on its side—it must have been thrown down by accident, or perhaps in one of his mad rages he has kicked it and so spilt the water, and it may be his own life with it. Heaven grant it may not be so! I shall not rest a moment until I see for myself what has happened. May Heaven in its mercy forbid that the crime of murder be added to the one that lies so heavy on my soul.

"He must not die of hunger or thirst either!" exclaimed the young man, with passionate earnestness. "Heaven knows I have great need to wish for his death and the relief it would bring me—but it must come of itself, come by the decay of nature—not by any want I can supply—not from any negligence of mine—my crime is too awful without that. And yet if deep repentance, bitter self-accusation by night and by day, can atone for evil, surely my penance has been most signal. Were it possible, how gladly would I set him out on the greensward under the blue skies of Heaven; but it is impossible, there is no corner on this earth far enough away to which I could fly from the vengeance of that fiend.

"No! the first breath of fresh air to him, the first warm gleam from Heaven's sunshine, would to me be a felon's dock—a felon's doom—while every man and woman in Christendom would lift their hands and eyes in holy horror at my unnatural crime. Men would call out, 'To the rope with him, hanging is too good for such a man,' and women, with their soft voices, would repeat the words with shudder and sigh.

"And yet, O Heaven! how it was forced on me! how I was goaded on to it day by day, hour by hour; in my childhood, in my youth, down-trodden by a misery unknown to slavery; and then, on a sudden, the horrible temptation came, and I was forced to it; yes, forced. None but the angels and the stars, those old watchers, know how pure and holy my heart was until that sad hour. True, there was a choice left me; it is mine yet; but, O Heaven! it is too horrible to contemplate."

The young man stayed his footsteps, covering his eyes with both hands as if he would shut out some scene of inexpressible horror from his gaze.

"Oh, no!" exclaimed he, in louder accents than before, "nature would not submit to such an unheard-of sacrifice then; it is impossible now. Even if this troubled conscience were to goad me on to such an act of self-immolation, my love for Ethel would withhold me. The fiend would tear her limb from limb, or, worse still, wear her life-blood out in single drops!"

Sir Reginald reached the door of the village inn, and sounded a loud peal on the knocker. The door was opened by the landlord himself, who, having been aroused from his slumbers, presented himself in a half-clad condition.

"Is it you, Sir Reginald? I thought you were in bed hours ago."

"No; I have been out on the hills, and have unexpectedly received news which must hurry me to the nearest railway station. It is, I know, twelve miles from here. Can you give me a pair of horses at once? My wife will be barely able to dress in time to catch the train."

"Yes. You can have horses, and good ones too," replied the landlord; "but it is too bad to disturb the young lady at this hour in the morning."

"So it is," was the reply, "but the occasion admits of no delay."

In half an hour Sir Reginald Trevylian and his bride are hurrying on as fast as horses' feet can carry them towards the Bonington Railway station.

Ere the shades of evening have completely closed in they have left the railway, and amid the crimson cushions of Sir Reginald's own carriage, which he has telegraphed for, are nearing his own castled home, the frowning walls and buttresses of which are in sight, towering half-way up the rocky height on which it is built.

Lady Trevylian's eyes wander over the landscape of hill and dale, river and lake, surrounding the old castle, which was now to be her home.

"What a charming place!" she exclaimed, as she looked with sparkling eyes all around from the open carriage; "such steep hills, wooded to the top with dark fir and pines, and such grand old elms that line the road on each side, they seem the very giants of their race. Oh, that romantic-looking old castle, and the clear, beautiful lake! it seems to realize all the dreams of my girlhood. It will be perfect happiness to be mistress of this beautiful place."

"I will be happy to see you so," said Sir Reginald, taking her hand fondly in his own, "to have you as its mistress. I have never known what it was to be too happy within its walls as yet."

"Why?" exclaimed Lady Trevylian, looking anxiously in her husband's face.

"I cannot exactly tell," was the reply; "perhaps because it is not good for man to be alone."

A turn of the road now brought them to quite a near side-view of the castle, disclosing to their eyes an octagon tower, which, separated by a few feet from the main building at the top, seemed to have its foundation in the lake.

"What a strange-looking tower that is!" exclaimed Ethel, a feeling of dread creeping over her, as she looked at the eerie place. "What is it for? Surely there are no dwelling-rooms there."

"Not exactly," replied her husband; "it was in the old feudal times used as a flagstaff tower; the room under the roof, now with the flagstaff was mounted, and the one underneath, both of which are very lofty, being the armory of the castle."

"It seems built in the lake," said the young lady. "I should think the damp would creep up and rust the arms."

"It is built almost in the lake," was her husband's reply; "that is to say, its foundation is a rock, so close to the margin that the walls on one side are nearly always wet by the waters of the lake. It is an eerie place; don't look at it any longer, Ethel; it is by no means suggestive of the feelings I should wish to reign in your heart as you enter your new home."

A quick sweep of the carriage whirled them away from the lake view; a moment more they were in the drive, up at the great door, and Ethel was lifted by her husband from the carriage out on to the steps of the portico, where the servants were all ranged to welcome their future mistress.

The housekeeper, an old woman who had reigned supreme in Trevylian Castle for the last twenty years, came forward, dressed in her best silk dress and quilled apron, to do obeisance to her future lady.

"You're welcome home, my lady," was said, in hearty tones by herself and the other domestics.

Sir Reginald consigned his bride to the care of the housekeeper, that she might be taken to her own apartment, there to rest and dress for dinner, while he himself sought his own dressing-room ostensibly for the same purpose.

Entering his dressing-room, a handsomely fitted chamber on the floor of the castle next the square tower already referred to, Sir Reginald at once opened a wardrobe, which from its size, as well as the beauty of the wood and carving, was the most conspicuous article of furniture in the room.

The left wing of the wardrobe, the one he opened, was wholly unoccupied, except by a few stone bottles and biscuit boxes on the shelf almost at the top, so high that the young man had to reach above his head as he took down two of the bottles and a box of biscuits.

One of the former was an empty water-flask, the other filled with wine.

The empty flask he filled from a water-tap in the basin stand, and then, attaching a cord many yards in length to each of the bottles and the box, he lighted a dark lantern, and, laden with the bottles, box and lantern, touched a secret spring in the back of the wardrobe.

At his touch a panel flew back, disclosing a narrow stone staircase, winding down in the direction of the tower.

On reaching the third step he pulled the secret door back into its place, and then took his way down the flight of narrow stone steps, of which he passed over a hundred before he reached the bottom.

Arrived there, the scene shown by the fitful light of the dark lantern was somewhat curious, and would have been appalling to one less used to the sight than Sir Reginald Trevylian.

Six years before, when he first saw it, the sight made his young blood curdle, his flesh shrink and shiver.

Within two or three feet of the last step was a dead-wall forming one of the octagons in the tower, in the middle of which was placed a narrow iron gate, through the grated bars of which might be seen, by the light of the dark lantern as it flashed to and fro, a deep dungeon beyond. In two rows down the middle of the dungeon were seven massive Gothic pillars, in each of which were iron rings, and to several of these last were attached heavy chains, red with rust.

Sir Reginald flashed his light so as to penetrate through the grated door to the innermost corner of the dungeon. And, as he did so, it was with a feeling of relief almost akin to joy that he heard these words:

"Give me some wine!" uttered by a wolfish-looking creature with grizzled beard and matted elf locks, who crouched on a pile of deer and sheepskins in the corner of the dungeon to which he had flashed his light.

"I will," was the quick reply; "come to the wall; I have wine and bread and water for you here. Come to the side of the wall; I will be at the top of the ladder in a moment."

The young man turned quickly to the ladder, which, placed a little way from the gate, reached an aperture at the very top of the lofty wall, large enough to admit of the flasks and biscuit-box being lowered down by means of a cord to the captive below.

The poor creature seized the wine first, and, putting the flask to his mouth, took a deep draught, and then said, in weak but bitter accents:

"I thought you had determined to starve me."

"You need not fear that," was the reply. "I told you years ago that I would do everything to keep you in life, except giving you your liberty."

"And you perform your promise well when you bring me bread and water once in four days."

"I brought you enough of both to last for eight days. What has become of it?"

"I have tasted no water for the last three days," said the captive, in the same harsh, bitter tones as before. "That thing you left it in toppled over the day after you left here."

Sir Reginald flashed his light on the piles of skins, and with a feeling of awe saw the flask lying on its side exactly as the weird woman had described it.

"Have you brought home your bride?" the captive questioned.

"I married, as I told you, married Lord John Annesly's daughter. It is fortunate for you that I married one gentle and yielding as she is, otherwise you might have been left to perish with thirst, notwithstanding my promise. I left you water for eight days, and was not prepared that it should be thrown to the ground in one."

"Cease your clatter," was the reply of the captive, in a tone of authority. "Now that you have got a wife, are you willing to buy my secret? Remember, I tell you for the hundredth time it is one you would give all the lands and gold you now hold to know—one which will make you tremble like a cheer and more powerful man as soon as you know it. I will swear any oath you like to proffer, to leave British ground, to go to America, Australia, India, anywhere that I can breathe the fresh air, feel the sunshine on my withered limbs, and that you shall never hear of me again."

"No, it is impossible," was the response of the young man, uttered with a deep solemnity of tone; "you never kept your word to me in my childhood or my youth—I can have no faith in you now."

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Sir Reginald Trevylian was in his drawing-room introducing his beautiful bride to the guests assembled there.

Many times during that evening he looked on a beautiful hand, on the first finger of which sparkled a large sapphire.

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There were mirth and festivities in the halls and drawing-rooms of Trevylian Castle, beautiful ladies with their loves and gay lords mingling in the dance. The wine was red, the lamps were bright, and all went "merry as a marriage-bell."

The man who was lord there six years before, whom the servants bowed down to, to whom the gold was paid, who ruled the land from the forest to the sea, was now lying on the damp floor of the dungeon under the octagon tower, gnashing his teeth and dashing his head against the stone walls in darkness and despair.

CHAPTER III.

Unnatural deeds
Do breed unnatural troubles.—SHAKESPEARE.

Six years have passed away, six years of dear happiness to Ethel Trevylian; happy in her husband, happy in her child, beloved by her domestics and tenantry, she wished for no more.

Is Sir Reginald a happy man? Far from it; he dearly loves his wife and child, his position is unexceptionable, yet his life is one of fear and unrest.

For ever haunted by the haggard face of the captive in the dungeon tower, his life is one long penance. He must not leave his castle for more than a day lest the sight he encountered when he went to bring home his bride meets his eye again—a wolfish, hungry face, telling him that the last three days had been spent in misery, licking the dungeon walls with parched tongue, seeking drink.

It was evening in the early Spring; Sir Reginald and Lady Trevylian were to dine at a neighboring castle, ten miles off. The carriage was at the door, waiting to convey them to their destination. Sir Reginald talked to the coachman about the harness—reminding him that the previous day some strap or buckle was loose. The man assured him that it was now all right. He had been very careful to have it so, as the way they were about to drive was a rough new-made road.

Sir Reginald had his overcoat on, but he entered the house that he might carry a flask of wine to the captive in the dungeon of the octagon tower before he left home. The poor prisoner was evidently dying; Sir Reginald knew it—had known it for a week back, and, strange to say, it troubled him. For the week past he had said to himself frequently: "Would to Heaven that tyrannical man never had entered the dungeon tower. Oh, that my soul were free from this black crime!"

A week before the miserable man for the first time complained of cold and weakness. He had lain twelve years in that dungeon and never before complained of either. He asked for warmer clothes, begged for brandy—begged for it in the name of Heaven! only one glass. It was given him every day, yet every day he became weaker and weaker.

That morning he was too weak to crawl to the wall where his food was let down—almost too weak to say in a faint voice, very different from the defiant tone in which he usually spoke:

"Lay it down; when I feel better I will go for it."

And when Sir Reginald flashed the light in the morning to the bottom of the wall, he saw there the food and flask he had brought the former day lying untouched. He was thinking of this as he took his way along the corridor of the dressing-room.

"Take me with you, papa."

Together with the words, his hand was clasped by his little son. Sir Reginald looked at the beautiful boy whose fair young face was raised to his, the golden curls falling over his pretty dress of blue velvet and white lace, and he thought bitterly of the blood that flowed in the boy's veins, and shuddered as he thought that perhaps the captive he was going to feed might be lying cold on a dungeon floor. And he wondered if it could be possible there would ever be half the enmity between himself and this boy that there had been every day of his life between the captive and him.

"Yes, you may come. Is mamma nearly ready?"

"No; her dress is not on yet. She bade me come to amuse you. Am I a good boy?"

"Oh, yes, a very good boy."

The father and his little son were now in the dressing-room. There was a bright fire burning in the grate, and a large, leather-covered easy-chair in front of the fireplace.

Sir Reginald lifted up the boy and placed him in the chair, saying:

"I must leave you for a few minutes; you will sit here till I come back?"

"Yes, papa."

There is a presage of evil in the man's heart, and he says:

"I think you had better go to your mamma. I'll ring for Doro."

And he laid his hand on the bellrope.

"Oh, no, papa!" the child pleaded. "Let Willie stay. I'll not move till you come back, not one bit."

"Well, I leave you, if you promise not to leave the chair, not for one moment."

His father was thinking of danger from fire.

"I—won't—leave—the chair, not—for—one—moment."

The words were said with little pauses between each and many nods of the pretty little head. Sir Reginald kissed the little red mouth and patted the golden head. He went to the wardrobe, and, entering the left wing, lighted the dark lantern and shut the door of the wardrobe before he touched the spring. The child's head was turned round and his eyes followed each movement of his father until the wardrobe door was shut. The spring panel was opened and shut, Sir Reginald was descending the stone staircase, carrying both brandy and wine, his heart was heavy with foreboding of evil, and he said, aloud:

"I wish I had not left the child there; I feel as if I had kissed him for the last time."

He turned round to retrace his steps, and then he felt ashamed of such weakness and pursued his way.

Why did he not heed the angel's warning? Why do we not all heed those warnings until it is too late and we have plunged into a life's sorrow?

He flashed the light through the grated door on to the place where the captive lay on his bed of skins. The poor victim was huddled up, his knees and head almost together, as if to keep himself warm.

Sir Reginald shivered, he felt the chill and damp of the dungeon as he had never done before. He flashed the light full on the face of the poor man. It was bent down, the beautiful golden hair, the long, matted, grizzled hair falling on his shoulders was nearly all that could be seen.

"Great Heaven, he is dead!" exclaimed the young man, in bitter self-reproach; "and such a place to die in. Merciful Heaven, forgive me!"

There was a slight movement of the gray head.

"Father! father! for Heaven's sake speak to me if you can!" rang through the dungeon in accents of wild entreaty.

A low groan, so weak as scarcely to be heard was the answer, the gray head and matted hair moving almost imperceptibly. Sir Reginald climbed the lantern on the stone steps, and, touching a spring in the iron gate, it opened with a harsh, grating noise. In a moment he was beside the captive, trying to pour some wine from the flask he carried into the firmly compressed lips that seemed as if the teeth were set in death never to open more.

"Try to swallow this, father."

A deep, low sigh, as if from the parting spirit, was the only response.

The young man threw himself on his knees beside the captive and raised the heavy head and shoulders in his arms. The shut eyes half inclosed and then the lids dropped heavily again. The face had lost its old fierceness of expression, the labored breath came quick. His son saw that it was so, and that the prematurely old man had only a few minutes to live.

"Father," he pleaded, in accents full of grief and repentance, "can you forgive me? You know I never meant to do all the evil I have been guilty of. O father, say one word of forgiveness!"

The poor captive seemed trying to raise his arm, but it fell heavily on his side again, the mouth opened just a little—all the fierce look was gone.

Sir Reginald, by a strong effort, lifted the old man. He was very heavy, and it was only by exerting all his strength that his son could hold him up with one arm while with the other he tried to place the skins so as to support him. His breathing began to be harder and more labored.

The captive lifted his right arm, and apparently with much difficulty placed it heavily on his son's shoulder. The skins were piled up, and Sir Reginald was about to place his father's head and shoulders upon them, when in a moment he was felled to the ground, his head dashed with force on an iron chain that lay coiled up in a ring by the side of the skins, and with two great bounds the old man shouted out in strong, loud accents, as he jumped and leaped in front of the barred gate, "I forgive you heartily, my dear son. If you would like my blessing before I leave you to your meditations, I'll give it with all my heart; and not only that, but I'll return your kindness sevenfold. Ha, ha, ha!" he laughed with fiendish glee. "Any commands for the upper world? Any last words for you—not to-night—because I must wait here till your wife and family are in bed. This beard and matted head would frighten her ladyship."

Sir Reginald could not for the moment realize his position. His head was stunned by the blow on the iron chain, and it was some seconds before he was aware that the dying agonies of the old man had been enacted as a trap for himself, and that now he himself was the captive, most surely doomed for life, the grizzled, wolfish-looking man leaping and shouting on the other side of the iron door, free—free as the wind or the sunshine.

The young man rose and stood with folded arms looking at the being before him, leaping and dancing in his mad glee; his own manhood too strong to permit him for one moment to betray the anguish of his soul.

He knew that for him all hope of liberty was lost. He well knew the inexorable character of his father—remembered but too clearly all the bitter persecution he himself had endured, and his soul was torn in mortal agony as he thought of the beautiful golden-haired boy he had left with such strong injunctions not to move until he came back.

He came back!—alas!—she child would grow to manhood and old age, and lie down to die, ere he would again see his father's face. And his wife, his beloved, fair wife!—what was to become of her?

"Don't be down-hearted. Although you have lost your knighthood and lady-love at one stroke," screamed and laughed the old man, snapping his fingers in fiendish delight, varying his amusement and giving himself a few moments' repose by shooting out his tongue between the bars of the grated door. "I'll take care of the young lady; there's no fear of her. I was always fond of the fair sex."

"Scoundrel!" burst out the young man in accents of thunder, which echoed and re-echoed through the vaulted dungeon.

"I'll make my programme safe enough. I'll not leave this till midnight. I know the way to leave my own house so that no one will see or hear me; and when I come back I'll be clothed as becomes my rank and, with the help of a barber, I hope to regain my old face again. And now, don't trouble yourself with hopes of getting out of that hole. For twelve years, every day of which is scored on that pillar close to your elbow, I have been trying to find a way to open this gate from the inside. It cannot be done. I brought all the science I learnt at school—ten times more than ever you learnt, I took care of that—all the knowledge I am master of, and as much patience as Job ever exercised, all to bear on this one thing, and it cannot be done. It was only when all this utterly failed that I tried the ruse which got me out and you in, and in you shall be till your body rots there. And, mind, don't be too extravagant with your food, or your drink either. I'll not trouble myself to come to this cold hole to feed you every day; so you may find yourself starving if you don't be economical. It's cold out here without my skins."

He stopped a few minutes as if waiting for an answer, and then continued:

"By-the-bye, you'd better be careful of your skins—you'll get no more, not half an inch; and as I'm tiring of being down here, I'd better tell you all I think of now—you know I'm not always in a communicative mood. In the first place, then, I won't be back here for a week, perhaps not then; the flasks that are below the hole, where they were put by yourself, are empty, and were put there for a decoy; so, for your week's food, you have what you brought to-night and some mouldy bread."

The strong young man groaned in spirit. He knew well the inhuman fiend now let loose on his defenseless wife and child was able to do all he threatened. The groans and tears of his innocent child, the life-blood dropping from his pure wife's heart, would be mirth and music in the ears of their tormentor.

TO BE CONTINUED.

AT THE BALL.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY GEORGE KAYE.

Like a zephyr the strains swept upon the bright hall,
To the dance the gay concourse inviting;
Every heart leaped anon to the tread of the ball,
Every eye with expectancy lighting.
The music rose higher: 'twas a rapturous waltz,
From the muse of Vienna's great master;
A nun at the notes to her vows had turned false,
An anchorite's blood had rushed faster.

'Twas a lay that the bold minnesinger once trilled
'Neath the rampart of lady-love's castle;
'Twas a poem with troubadour's rhapsody filled
Of the maiden whose charms held him vassal;
'Twas a dream of the hero, of triumph and fame,
Of Walhalla enwreathed with the laurel;
'Twas a whisper that breathed of a passion aflame,
Sweet as incense, but pregnant with peril.

Out stepped the blithe couples in eager response
To the call of the stirring orchester;
I, too, with the fever was seized for the nonce,
And deserted my silent sequester.
There was one in the throng, far the fairest of all,
Whom I sought at my heart's secret pleading;
For her graces had long held my being in thrall,
Though unconscious was she, or unheeding.

I asked her to dance; from her lips fell a yes
That sounded like love's low confession,
And around them a smile like the sunlight's caress,
Giving germ to rash thoughts of possession.
Off we swept in Terpsichore's fanciful maze,
Where so many fond pairs find their heaven;
There the heart oft its secret unbidden betrays,
And wan care from its portals is driven.

But of all that whirl locked in the dance's mad gyre,
Are not some not so fittingly mated?—
Where the one is as cold as the other afire,
Or e'en both are indifferent or hated?
Ah! but then I recked not of society's chains,
Its devices, deceits and caprices:
In the arms of the loved one the world and its pains
Are forgotten, and judgment surceases.

The light touch of her hair as it strayed in my face,
In my veins a sweet tingling excited,
And her heart, throbbing fast 'neath my fervent embrace,
Seemed as by my own ardor ignited.
How coy love dallies covertly in the gay dance,
Half unwittingly that it is willing!
Bewildered by melody, mirth and romance,
A mixed liquor with ecstasy thrilling.

The music's last cadences trembled away,
And the beautiful dream was all ended;
Another now claimed her, and soon to the play
Of a polka their figures were blended.
But my eyes gave them escort—and what did I see?
Why, that woman is frail beyond measure!
For to him just as fondly she clung as to me,
And looked lost in delirious pleasure.

Still I waited and watched, and the guerdon I got
That the spy ever gets for his trouble;
I discovered that love is not always a knot,
And that happiness is but a bubble.
O how many a yes and how many a smile
Through that evening she graciously lavished!
And how many another she let her beguile,
That her fragrance might not fleet unravished.

I turned from the revel-rout angry and sick—
'Twas unreason, perhaps, yet why rail?
Who can reason when Cupid has served him a trick,
Or presume a maid's whims to unravel?
That another to woo the dear loved one had durst,
And as well her sweet favors had captured,
E'er embitters the thought of a boon that of erst,
Like nepenthe, vain Fancy enraptured.

A BURGLAR'S STORY.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY JOHN M. MACDONALD.

Some years ago I paid a visit to the prison at Sing Sing, and while in conversation with the warden I collected the material for the following sketch.

The warden had kindly consented to conduct me about the premises and to point out to my notice the principal offenders, giving at the same time a brief synopsis of their crimes. We finally came to the door of a very secure-appearing cell, over the threshold of which was painted the figures "24." My conductor halted, and, pointing to the massive bars, said:

"In that cell is confined Bill ——, one of the shrewdest, neatest and most daring burglars under my charge."

"Indeed!" said I. "Would it be a breach of discipline were you to permit me to converse with him for a short time?"

He replied negatively, and, removing a large key from an immense bunch which he had secured about his person, he unlocked the massive iron door. I passed in, and with a loud clang the door was closed and locked. Assuring me that he would return and release me within an hour's time, the warden departed, leaving me alone with the notorious robber. At first I was unable to distinguish the presence of the occupant of the cell, the change from light to darkness being so sudden. But my eyes soon became accustomed to the partial darkness of the cell, and I gazed about in search of the inmate. In one corner of the cell, seated upon the edge of a low bed or cot, sat a man of perhaps thirty-five years of age. I approached, and, extending my hand, exclaimed:

"Excuse me, my friend, for this intrusion; but I merely desire to ask you a few questions."

The burglar accepted my proffered hand and replied:

"You do not intrude in the least, sir. On the contrary, your visit is quite a Godsend, as I have not exchanged ten words with anyone but my keeper in nearly a year."

"Indeed," said I, "I wonder that your friends never visit you."

"Friends!" said the burglar, with a bitter smile of scorn upon his handsome features. "I once had friends—at least I thought them so, but adversity scattered them like chaff before the wind."

"My friend," said I, "yours has been a chequered existence; and if not impertinence on my part, I would like to hear the story of your past life ere luckless fate cast you into this living tomb."

"Your question is quite natural, sir, and I will do as you desire.

"My name is William. My father was a very wealthy banker in New York City. I received a liberal education at one of the most celebrated institutions of learning, and upon my graduation was appointed to a lucrative position in my father's office. I persevered, and gradually ascended step by step, and was finally granted a half interest in the business. Then it was that the seeds of discontent and future misery were first sown. I gambled, attended horse-races, and I lavished my money with a reckless hand upon the gay courtezans that infest the town. My extravagances were terrible, but I managed to conceal them from my father, who was a very stern and unswerving man, and detested vice in every form. But death soon removed the check of his presence from my inclinations, and I was at liberty to follow my vicious proclivities. During his lifetime my expenditures were simply extravagant, but now my lavishness was absolutely prodigal.

"But why continue? You sur

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 30, 1875.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

☞ **Letters seeking information** replied to only through this department; no answers by mail.

TWO BEGINNERS, Buffalo.—1. Your best plan would be to secure an interview with the manager of the variety theatre in your city, and show him just what you can do, and say that if he will give you an opening, you are willing to perform one week—if the audiences will stand it—and that he may give you whatever sum of money he thinks you are worth. This is the only sure way to test your true merits. Private performances amount to nothing, as friends are apt to flatter, or conceal their real opinions. The public will not do so. If you succeed, other engagements will be sure to follow, and then you can think of commanding salaries. 2. Four or five songs would do to start with. If one should fail to please, try another. 3. You should be the best judges of your costumes. We prefer not to advise upon that subject. 4. We should not think that dancing would be necessary. Should you afterwards find that it is, then learn it.

A SUBSCRIBER, Jordan.—1. If the discovery that B was short was made before he raised or saw his hand, and was announced at once, then he was entitled to another card, and he wins the bet. But if B lifted his card before making that announcement, then he forfeits all interest in that pot, and C wins the bet. 2. At poker a man can play either with more or with less than five cards in hand and win the pot, too. This is a direct answer to your query, which perhaps should rather have been: "Can a man who is called, and who shows either more or less than five cards in hand win the poker?" The answer to that is No. 3. A player can always demand a sight when raised beyond his pile, even though he himself had inaugurated the "raising" process on that deal.

J. F. A., Brooklyn.—It takes all the cards in hand to constitute a flush, whether the game is five-card, six-card, three-handed or four-handed cribbage. It is only a single-handed five-card cribbage that three cards of a suit are a flush. Probably if you more thoroughly examine the authority upon which you ground your claim, you will find a general rule, applicable to all varieties of cribbage: "A flush signifies that *all* the cards in hand or in crib are of the same suit." Nowhere can we find recorded that a three-handed five-card cribbage three spades and a heart in hand are a flush, while it does tell you that, with one or two modifications, the rules of the five-card game govern the three and the four handed, as well as the six-card game.

E. C., Portsmouth.—1. Oct. 15, 1863. Dudley Kavanagh beat John Seerester by a score of 1,500 to 715, the winner's average being 16.76-89, and the loser's 8.11-89, and the best runs being 151 and 57 respectively for winner and loser. 2. April 7, 1864, Kavanagh beat Philip Tieman by 1,500 to 1,265, the winner's average being 12.36-122, and his best run 152; the loser's best run being 90; not in his career in this country. 3. June 9, 1864, Kavanagh beat William Goldthwait by 1,500 to 1,425, averaging 17.38-86, and his best run being 154. The loser's average was 14.65-86, and his best run 117. 4. Games played in public, for money, used to be the only ones recorded. It is difficult to determine of late which matches are for money, and which are not.

ALEXIS, Philadelphia.—1. Unless B or D could shew the ace of trumps and two savers, A was entitled to one point. No card in his hand could be called. There is a mistaken idea as to what constitutes an exposed hand. If, when playing with A and A had shown a queen and the right bower, for example, then B or D could have called upon him to play the queen. But they could not have called upon him to take the deck-head and lead it, and of course nothing could be gained by requiring him to lead either of the two cards held by him. 2. He "goes" two points; and if the point was made because of the revoke, he cannot score it.

E. M., Philadelphia.—In our issue dated Sept. 20, 1873, we find a statement that a bill of sale of the entire concern was given to J. N. Barker of San Antonio, and that the circus was then under his management. In the issue of June 6, 1874, Frank H. Pierce of Brownsville, Texas, advertised a portion of the ring stock of that circus for sale, and we find a statement that the proprietor was in that town, where he had been for the past eight months, and before we presume the sale took place at Brownsville, some time in October, 1873, but we have no precise record of it.

W. M. B., Jersey City.—The best time of which we have any record, made by a steamship from New York to Liverpool, computing time from Sandy Hook to the bar, is 8 days 14 hours and 10 minutes, by the City of Brussels, Inman line, arrived on the bar at noon on Sunday, and allowance made for difference in time. The several companies do not now compute time farther east than Queenstown, however. 2. The distance from New York to Liverpool, by Mercator's sailing, is 3,084 miles; by Mercator and Great Circle, 3,023 miles.

A. J. H.—1. The writ of habeas corpus was on Sept. 15, 1863, suspended by President Lincoln throughout the United States, as to certain matters specified in the President's proclamation of that date. 2. We do not know that any Westorn gentleman participated in the battle of 1861, in this city, which was put down by the police, a few returned volunteers hastily organized, some regulars, and returned militia. Other troops were here, but were not, we believe, actually engaged.

M. T. D., Mexico.—1. Yes; it is possible for fresh water at a temperature above zero to freeze sooner than fresh water at a little colder temperature, being subjected to such a given temperature below the freezing point. 2. James A. Oates died in this city July 14, 1871. She is married to Tracy Titus. 3. He was born in St. Louis, Mo. 4. We cannot say [illegible]. See Ed. James' advertisement in this issue. 6. We cannot say where he was born. Matt McCormick is Dan Denniel's partner. We have not been apprised that the party named has formed any copartnership.

CONSTANT READER, Cincinnati.—1. It is not published, and no one can perform it without the permission of the author, who can be addressed in care of Wallack's Theatre, N. Y. If you will look on page 32 of that catalogue, you will find a number of dramas having male characters only. Select those you desire and remit the price and cost of postage to Ed. James, and he will send them to you.

OLD SUBSCRIBER, Clinton.—1. Miller wins the bet by 44 votes, that being the difference between D's majority in Goderich township and R's higher majority, which was in Hullett township. 2. Had "and" been used instead of "or," Miller would have lost the bet, as D's majority in the two places was but 69, while R's in the other two was 91.

E. U. K., Louisville.—The bet is a draw. Neither is right. Dexter, Kentucky horse, Dexter did not trot against time at the Dexter Driving Park, Chicago, last August, and has trotted for money since being provisionally the property of Mr. Bonner, that gentleman having purchased him subject to his performing engagements in this country. The horse has not, however, trotted for money since he was delivered to Mr. Bonner.

F. W. R., Belvidere.—If yourself or your partner, or both together, hold in hand the ace and king of trumps, or any two of the four trump cards ace, king, queen and jack, you score nothing, as then your opponents hold no trumps. If *ors are easy.* Should you hold three of the four, you score two by honors; should you hold all four, then you score four by honors.

CONSTANT READER.—1. Ethiopian comedians receive from $25 to $200 per week, according to reputation and ability. 2. Song and dance performers receive from $20 to $30 per week, guided as above. 3. The expense attendant upon learning both of the above branches would depend in a great measure upon your natural aptitude to them and aptness for learning. It cannot be definitely stated.

EAST CAMBRIDGE.—1. We do not know who will comprise the Easton B. B. C. nine for 1875. 2. In England Tim Collins defeated Pickett, Jesse Hunt, Young Allen, Cannon, Jno. Bent, Jim Rawlins, and Bill Gillam (twice in one day); was beaten by Jerry Hawkes and Bob Furze, and fought a draw with Bob Brown.

F. D. J., South Boston.—1. You cannot obtain them. 2. No. 3. Jim Smith, assisted by Patsy Hogan, trained Tim Collins for his fight with Billy Edwards. 4. Tim has not fought in the ring since then. He was born at Blackpool, near Cork, Ireland, Dec. 25, 1845. 5. Do not know his present whereabouts. 6. Not at present, we believe.

P. D., Montreal.—1. The daily running purses would be about $300, to which you must add the cost of outfit, horses, wagons, tents, harness, etc., say from $10,000 to $20,000. Riders from $25 to $40 per week. Horse tenders and gymnasts from $40 to $80 per week. Boss canvasmen from $150 to $200 per month, others about $20 per week.

J. H. C., Philadelphia.—1. Both can be addressed at New Orleans, La. 2. A's two aces count him out. No point has precedence at casino, a sweep counting as soon as big or little casino.

HARRY WILMOT.—Your advertisement will cost $30 for four insertions. We measure by agate type, not by displayed lines. Allow 20 per cent. on 3mos. advertisement, cash in advance.

TIMOTHY A., Providence.—1. The song is not sufficiently fresh. 2. One side is better. 3. One man may object to a certain brance, and be deficient in another. No single individual can claim superiority in all.

A. J. H., Utica.—1. An advertisement might secure you such a position. 2. The sum you name would not be sufficient to start such a show. It would require at least $1,000.

E. J. S., Parker Landing.—1. It is purely a matter of opinion who are the best performers in the lines you name, and we prefer not to express one in this department. 2. Inclose him a stamp, and he will do so.

LOYAL HOTEL, Cincinnati.—A and C are both out. B did not call his 8 because he was in doubt as to whether he had a trump or not; and to call and not have them at casino is to lose the game.

C. A. Asi, Dennison.—The man having the blind cannot play, and his money in the pot is dead. The time for him to announce that he had been served with a card too many was before he had raised or looked at his hand.

F. F. L., Chicago.—1. We have not time to search our files to answer your first question in this issue, but will endeavor to do so in season for our next. 2. Three outs.

B. J. G., Queensville.—The other side can claim the game in penalty for your partner having called "seven," and then not being able to take it in by reason of having used his seven-spot to win an ace by combining to "eight."

DEBATE, Philadelphia.—Water freezes at the top. Were it otherwise, or even if ice were not lighter than water, you could scarcely be debating that question in Philadelphia to-day.

BUFF RUNDLE, Chicago.—When a man buys goods for $75 and sells them for $100, he gains 33⅓ per cent. The same goods bought at $100 and sold at $75 entail a loss of 25 per cent.

H. S. P., New Haven.—1. If the turkey weighed sixteen pounds when put into one balance of the scales, and but nine pounds when put in the other, its true weight was twelve pounds. 2. Agrees $35, and B $5.

J. H. EMERSON, Waterbury.—Some weeks prior to its publication we asked, through our correspondents' department, if you were the author. Receiving no reply, we let it go in "without a sign."

VENTRILOQUIST, Bridgeport.—Several persons have at different times advertised figures for sale, but they are not made in this country.

J. S., Toronto.—Judges of the United States Court are appointed by the President, and hold office provisionally for life.

H. B. G.—1. Mack will play with the Philadelphia nine of 1875. 2. No. 3. Cannon say positively, but our impression is that there are not.

JOHN LESLIE.—The space will cost $131.04 for 3 mos. This is with the discount off for cash in advance, for the whole period.

FLYAWAY, St Louis.—The Mutuals wore green stockings and white dress. The Flyaways, red plaid stockings and gray shirts, with blue pants.

A. S. STUCKS.—Al. Wright, *Sunday Mercury* office, Philadelphia for Athletic, and H. Wright, 519 Washington street, Boston. Do not know the other address.

ALTSVILLE, PA.—State a case. What you regard as "a sure thing" may not be one, and, on the other hand, "a sure thing" may not be such, because of fraud.

QUILLDRIVER, Mitchell.—1. At euchre the party who revokes cannot score a trick so won if it will count to their advantage. 2. That is a private matter.

S. H. R.—At four-handed or partner euchre the player next to the dealer, on the latter's left, has the lead, no matter who takes up or makes the trump.

B. S. L., Cincinnati.—A mile has been skated in 1m3n. 55sec. For further information see CLIPPER ALMANAC, obtainable at the news-dealers for fifteen cents.

MACK AND MIKE, Louisville.—The prize-fight between Mike McCoole and Bill Blake (Dublin Tricks) took place in a row boat on Seneca Lake, twelve-mile Island, near your city.

BUCKSHOT.—The only reliable figures we can give are those of the last census, which give the population of Buffalo, N. Y., as 117,714.

TRUTH.—When "Barbe Bleue" was first performed in this country, at Niblo's Garden, N. Y., Mlle. Irma impersonated Boniotte.

CONSTANT READER, Stockton, St. Louis.—1. If you have talent, certainly. 2. Apply to some manager for an engagement. 3. $100 would get you an outfit.

S. M. M., Potlsville.—They would not be of service now, for we have more complete biographies. We thank you for your kind offer.

J. W. R., Louisville.—Neither name of place nor year is given, so that much of the interest of the bill is lost by these omissions.

C. P., Saltsburg.—1. A letter addressed to Sam S. Sanford, in care of this office, might elicit the information. 2. It has been taken out.

THEATRICAL, Monongahela City.—Ed. James of 88 and 90 Centre street, for a consideration, would get you up a collection. Write to him.

WANTS TO KNOW, Philadelphia.—1. See CLIPPER ALMANAC. 2. She was a member of the Lydia Thompson Troupe during their last seas n in this country.

OLD SUBSCRIBER, Norfolk.—He may have done so, but we have no record of any such performance. We cannot undertake such research.

J. F. L.—1. The East River has been so frozen several times, the last occasion being Feb. 11, 1871, and Jan. 22-23, 1875. 2. Of course, salt water will freeze.

A. L. S., Boston.—1. Yes; he played George Slosson in Montreal on March 25, 1869. 2. In 1872 he kept a room in St. Paul, Minn.

H. H. M., Cannon Falls.—No answers by mail. See CLIPPER ALMANAC for best time of Goldsmith Maid, American Girl, Lula, Occident and Gloster.

B. B., Hoboken.—Write to Ainsworth Spofford, Librarian of Congress, Washington, D. C., who will give you full information upon the subject.

CONSTANT READER, New Bedford.—There are so many that claim that title that we cannot decide who was the original.

J. F. R., Cincinnati.—A is out on the gift of two, and B, who made high, jack and game on C's low, is out on his high. B and C having each one to go.

QUERY, 1875.—Col. T. Allston Brown publishes a "Showman's Guide," but we never heard of the book you refer to.

J. P. F., New Orleans.—1. He has always held good rank as a performer. We think he is correct in making that statement. 3. We presume that it is.

SUET, Philadelphia.—Not having seen the ladies at the places referred to, it will be impossible for us to say whether they are professionals or not.

INQUIRER, Springfield.—We have no means of knowing where professional performers may have resided temporarily. Write to the dealer on the latter's left, has the lead, no matter who takes up or makes the trump.

ZERO, Brooklyn.—The East River has been frozen, so as to admit of being crossed on foot, at least eight times within the past fifty years.

J. H. C., Philadelphia.—We sent you three letters on Jan. 14. Cannot say where you requested them to be sent, as we do not keep the addresses of letters sent away.

J. Z., Philadelphia.—He can be arrested by the party defrauded, and also by the United States Government, if the revenue is defrauded.

JOHN RUSSELL.—You win. It is recorded that Wm. B. Curtis lifted 3,300lb with harness.

OLD SUBSCRIBER, Maltoon.—1. He might do so. 2. We do not require it.

C. L. F.—*The Sunday Times* or *The Athenæum* may suit you.

H. H. F., South Side.—We keep no record of their weight.

D. M. Syracuse.—We have no record of the place named.

HANK, Cincinnati.—A loses. He had to throw a five-spot.

A READER, Boulder.—A, the giver, is out with his high.

A. M. S., Paterson.—Four hours have been the longest game.

C. W. E., East Saginaw.—Received, and will be read.

J. F., Fort Canneron.—One, if not both, will be used.

J. L., Jersey City.—He turns up in all somersaults.

J. A. S.—Pronounced as if spelled John-son-neck.

W. A. A., Washington.—He is a younger brother.

J. J. H., Boston.—We do not issue any such cards.

BUMP.—Coal-oil Johnny is still living, we believe.

SUBSCRIBER, Ramsay.—Harry Jennings is alive.

H. K., Phila.—Cannot make out your meaning.

DICK.—Address Secretary of State, New Orleans, La.

ERIE.—At poker dice five sixes beat five aces.

PADDLE JOE.—See answer to "Buckshot."

G. W. R. Rondout.—We will answer by mail.

NIBS, Boston.—The book is out of print.

H. B. M.—There is no authentic record.

W. K. P., Chicago.—Fedro counts last.

W. K., Phila.—A cwt. is 112lb weight.

CIRCUS.—See answer to "J. W. R."

RAGGED EDGE.—43 years of age.

AMATEUR.—Yes; with the exception of Sayers.

"A-LIE HATH SHORT LEGS," saith a Spanish proverb. Maybe it has—we don't wish to set ourself up against Spanish authority on this point; but we must say that, for a short-legged racer, a lie is a wonder, going farther and faster, and getting over more ground in a given time, than would ten relays of truth ever so long-legged. If you doubt this, wait till some of your "friends" let loose a lie on its winding way about you. Start the truth at the same time, or as near thereafter as you can, and see which *gets there* first. If you don't find truth "distanced" before the first relay is reached, while the lie is fresh and keeping well to its work, you may count us in with the Pacific Subsidy crowd.

EMBEZZLEMENT.—The speculative line of demarcation between embezzlement and stealing is very thin and faint, and hardly to be distinguished by the ordinary organs of vision. Embezzlement is the modernized appellation for stealing. The appropriation of a loaf of bread by a starving man is *stealing;* the appropriation of $100,000, more or less, by a *gentleman* in position, is *embezzlement*—a plant by another name far less vulgar, and with a scent much less objectionable to the olfactories of the fastidious thief. The modernizing of some of the plain old Anglo-Saxon words takes wonderfully from their sharp edges, and mitigates the anguish of the sting they inflict.

THIS IS TRUE. We attended a Sabbath infant-school recently—for we take in a little of everything in our wanderings—and the little ones were present in full force, each infant being provided with his penny for missionary purposes. "What are your pennies for?" inquired the teacher. "For the preacher," said one; "For the teacher," said another. "I know," put in a bright-eyed little fellow; "it's for the heathen." "That is correct," said the teacher; "but where *is* the heathen?" *"Over Jersey!"* We left school at once.

ONE OF US came near being ugged, a few days ago, in Washington, D. C. It appears that Whitelaw Reid of *The New York Tribune,* while testifying to something he knew nothing about, before a Congressional committee, was arrested, at the suit of an ex-Governor, for libel. The editor had no time to "get," and it looked as though we should have to, for *Whitelaw, read outlaw;* but "we" have plenty of friends in Washington, and bail was furnished. We must express our dissent to the mean advantage taken of us, and this bad action of the good Sheppard will no doubt recoil upon him at some future time.

THAT *Schumaker* down in Washington, D. C., who got three hundred thousand more, declares that he has no recollection of it, and he *sticks to it to the last.*

BROOKLYN'S OPPORTUNITY.

Another week's trial of the Beecher-Tilton controversy has passed, and the subject remains *in statu quo,* with the principals and their aiders and abettors as they were at previous advices. Von Moulton has been put through a most searching series of cross-questions, and we are not surprised that the victim has, on some few occasions, returned cross answers. Sometimes the entertainment becomes dull and insipid, and then, again, it is as good as a play, when the lawyers wake up and have their little snarl at one another. Now and then Von M. gets a little shaky on his pins, and in such a moment Tracy tries to wind him; but his efficient seconds, Beach and Fullerton, rub Francis down a little, and manage to bring him up once more all serene. It is no longer a hand-to-hand encounter, but a free fight, in which half a dozen warriors are engaged—some skirmishing on the enemy's flanks, some endeavoring to close his peepers, and others sending in half-arm hits at close quarters. The two men who got up the party, and who, it was thought, would tear each other to tatters, are quiet observers of the trial of Moulton, and we shall not be surprised if they unite their forces, and direct their combined batteries against their "mutual friend." Referee Neilson is doing his duty conscientiously, having justice and the true interests of the P. R. solely in view. Claims of foul have been made on both sides, but the referee merely *cautioned* the belligerents, and ordered the fight to "go on." We believe he means to do his duty in this contest; and, though the umpires, Evarts and Beach, occasionally try to shut up his eye and draw him into their confidence, nevertheless he is ever on the alert against these surprise-parties, and decides without bias. Tilton has the air of a man who wants to go home, and Beecher's bearing denotes that he would rather spend the time in old Plymouth. The twelve ring-keepers are a quiet set of men, who think that the principals had better shake hands and declare the fight off. This could be done, they argue, without at all tarnishing the spotless record of either man, whose world-wide renown is to them worth all the gems that decked the mines of Ophir. We cannot censure the twelve for indulging in quiet slumber now and then, nor can we charge them with violating the rules when they yawn and talk in their sleep.

The betting fluctuates, with odds on a disagreement. When the other side begin to show their hands, and discuss their tactics for the wind-up, there will doubtless be a great rush to "get on."

THIS BEECHER affair is bringing out the wit of the nation, at the trial, as well as among the people. One of our well-wishers and constant readers informs us that the difference between Mr. B. and Mrs. T. is, that one *preaches* and the other *peaches!* Another goes so far as to assert that if a verdict is brought in at all, it is bound to be *per-jury!* And still another declares that the difference between plaintiff and defendant (for there's a *plain tiff* between them) is, that one is *Theodore,* while the other *was,* it is said, *the adorer!* On mentioning this to "Our Jim," he at once remarked that Beecher must be like a place of amusement, for he is a *The. hater!* And yet another of our ready reckoners says of it in verse, in this wise:

Its gauzy threads of evidence
The law delights to handle—
A wick-ed case for *shining lights,*
This burning *Beecher's candle!*

VALENTINE MILLS are again grinding out hearts and darts and clasped hands and other insignia of Love's office, in view of the approach of the 14th of February; but those little missives do not now meet with the same favor that attended their appearance is the long ago, when everybody took stock in them, and sent them on their errands of pleasure and pain, and scandal and misery. The coming February is not likely to be a good month for valentines.

REVENGE IS SWEET.—This is an apothegm coming from we know not where. But, reader, because you may have a "sweet tooth," do not indulge in revenge. Better, by far, buy ten cents' worth of taffy, and masticate that; if not satisfied, invest still further, even unto the third or fourth term; and you will find that it is not only sweeter, but that the candy is much cheaper than revenge, and tending more to the production of adipose matter.

SOMEONE remarked to "Our Jim" that people go to Florida because they get *floricler* there. But the boy fails to see anything in it, and he is going to ask Moulton a question or two about it.

IN AN ABSTRACTED state of mind, "Our Jim" bounced into a Broadway restaurant this morning, and astonished all hands by calling out for "Hot coffins and muffee!"

A MAN who was burnt out, a few nights ago, seem to have thought more of his provisions than of his stock in trade, for he advertises that "we have just found our *Herring's safe!*"

THE LATEST "shooting report" is said to have come from the mouth of a gun.

"ARE you going to see the Orphans' Ball?" "No! I've *heard* 'em, and that's enough for me."

NEWS OF THE WEEK BOILED DOWN.

*** On Jan. 18: Whitelaw Reid, editor of *The N. Y. Tribune,* was arrested in Washington, D. C., on a charge of libel, preferred by Gov. Alex. B. Shepherd.....Sheriff A. J. Flanagan was elected Mayor of Vicksburg, Miss., by U. S. troops, there being a constitutional question as to the validity of the election by virtue of which he was in possession.....Europe is actively engaged in preparing to the effect that a Spanish squadron had arrived at Zarate, commander being instructed to exact from the Carlists indemnity for the damages done to the war of the Gustav, and punishment of her assailants; that a conflict was impending between the Turks and Montenegrins, growing out of the Turkish conflict in Albania; that the Porte had demanded the extradition of the Montenegrin patriots in the murder of Christians at Podgoritza, before he would carry out the sentence of death on the Turkish murderers; that Senor Castelar had declared that he had a secret in the Spanish Cortes if he is required to swear allegiance to any monarchy; that the German Chancellor had submitted to the Federal Council an ordinance prohibiting the importation of American potatoes; that Baron Decazes had succeeded at Teheran against the grant of a railway concession by the Shah of Persia to the Russian General Falkenhogen, and that Great Britain will strongly object.....Fire in Iowa authorities had closed the Roman Catholic Seminary at Fulda, Germany, expelled the head priest from the country, and sequestrated the property of the Bishop of that diocese; that a great sensation had been caused in Paris, France, by the election to the Assembly, by 6,000 majority, of M. Farcy, a Bonapartist, from the Hautes-Pyrenees; that King Alfonso had given audience to several conspicuous Republican generals; and that Spain was assessing damages at £500 had been found against Mr. Samuel Wilkeson, author of *The London Times,* Eng.; *Times,* sued for libel by Mr. Rubery, whom he charged with being guiltily implicated in the Arizona diamond fraud.....The U. S. Supreme Court has decided that a bill appropriating $25,000 to pay the expenses attending King Kalakaua's visit.....A revolt occurred in the penitentiary at Jefferson City, Mo.....He turns back the mutiny by the aid of the guards and armed citizens it was quelled without bloodshed.....A. Washington.—He is a younger brother.

*** Jan. 19: The Louisiana and Mississippi Patrons of Husbandry issued an address endorsing the report of the sub-committee of Congress relative to Louisiana affairs.....Whitelaw Reid got bail in the sum of $10,000 from Governor Shepherd.....At Philadelphia, Pa., the Grand Jury found a true bill against John W. Gerdemann, expriest of St. Monica and Church, for embezzlement.....John and Patrick McCormack were arrested at Jersey City, Mrs. Mary Flood was fatally injured by leaping from a window, during the fire which destroyed a four-story tenement house in Brooklyn, L. I.....Fires: the Methodist Church were also seriously injured by jumping from a window.....Dispatches per cable stated that the British steamer Bernina, from Odessa for Cardiff, was supposed to have foundered, all on board being lost; that owing to the frequent outrages on railway trains and steamers in Spain, the Spanish government had ordered the shooting of every armed Carlist found on board; that the commander of the Spanish squadron before Zarate had been instructed to severely punish that town, and that Spain will pay German indemnity for the loss of value of the Gustav and cargo, in addition to a fine, whether successful in exacting a fine from the Carlists or not; that Don Carlos had issued a manifesto, in which he threatens with death the Bishop of Paderborn had been conducted to the fortress of Wesel, Germany, where he is to be interned; that the Turkish Minister of Foreign Affairs had resigned in consequence of the complications growing out of the Podgoritza affair.....Fire: at the Municipal Council of Marseilles, France, had been suspended from the exercise of its functions.....The Cook County National Bank, Chicago, Ill., suspended.....Suicides: Mary Ann Elliott, aged 31, drowned herself in a cistern at Bridgeton, N. J.; Henry Justice, aged 30, cut his throat in this city.....Fires: E. Van Brunt Kissam's tenement, Brooklyn, L. I.—loss about $15,000, partly insured; in *The Worcester* (Mass.) *Spy* office—loss about $2,500, insured.....The premises occupied by the banks in the Bergen, N. J., tunnel caused severe injuries to Chas. Crosset and Stephen Rockey.

*** Jan. 20: In the U. S. Senate the proposed amendments to the Constitution, so as to elect the President and Vice-President by the direct vote of the people, were read, and a message was received from the President.....Fires: the residenses was received from the President.....Fires: the residenses was received from the President.....Fires: the residenses

although the lesser made a run of 279 and averaged 96.3-9 in a game of 1,000. Kendall, whose best run was 246, and averge 100, had a majority of 115. A three-ball game of 300 followed, and Sexton, averaging 18.12-16, won by 194. It would seem from this that Sexton has already severed his connection with Mason's room, Albany, where he played on the re-opening night, Jan. 19.

A TOURNAMENT OF POOL.—Brooklyn is the fountain-head of fifteen-ball pool, and it is proposed to institute in that city a tournament at that exciting game. It will take place in a billiard-room nameless at present. It has not yet been determined whether the balls shall be assigned equal value, and the games be 75 points up, every ball "holed" to count one, or whether they shall have their ordinary value of from one to fifteen, and the best in seven games to constitute a heat.

TOURNAMENT IN WORCESTER, MASS.—At Horticultural Hall, on Jan. 18, a tournament was begun for a silver flower-stand valued at $75, a silver goblet for the best run, $50 in cash as the second prize, and $25 in cash as the third. The games are 200 points up, three-ball caroms, and the opening contest was between George H. Ellis, formerly of Newburyport, and Daniel Lakin of Worcester. Ellis won by 13, and then Byron Hill defeated Manfred Gould by 85.

NOT GONE TO CLEVELAND.—Chris. O'Connor has not gone to Cleveland, nor has Daniel Strauss, although a relative of the latter has accompanied Vignaux. Except at the opening of the Cleveland tournament, Vignaux and Rudolphe will not play together, and instead of going to Chicago, as had been contemplated, Vignaux will return to this city. Rudolphe will no doubt return at as early a day.

THE CLEVELAND TOURNAMENT.—This affair was to have been inaugurated on the 25th. Harry Choate, ex-champion of Ohio at the four-ball game, has decided not to compete. The chief prize will probably lie between Carter and Gallagher. If either of those players cannot name the winner, it will puzzle anyone else to do it.

EXHIBITION IN ROCKFORD, ILL.—At Maine's room, on Jan. 6, Louis Shaw gave an exhibition of fancy shots, and played a game in which he ran 167. Shaw captured the Rockfordites with the W. T. shot, using the head of an African named Barter to give it due effect.

A REOPENING.—The room near the Grand Central Depot, until recently conducted by William B. Southworth, is to be reopened on the 26th inst., under the supervisorship of Peter F. Tracy. Maurice Daly and Albert Garnier will disport with the ivories.

CLARKE E. WILSON VS. A. GUILLET.—The reason that these players have not yet come together is that Guillet has injured his left hand. He hopes to be heard from in a few days.

THE RING.

FIDDLER NEARY'S SHOW.

The spacious hall of the Otto Garden, 45 Hudson street, Hoboken, N. J., was filled with sport-loving humans on the night of Jan. 22, many of whom went from the metropolis, unmindful of the cold weather and the difficulties attendant upon crossing the ice-gorged North River. The occasion was a benefit to Fiddler Neary, the sturdy metropolitan light-weight, to whom the character of the turnout was a compliment. The entertainment was an excellent one, the Jerseymen, who don't often have a chance to see any fistic sport between men of science, being particularly pleased. The names of the "performers" were George Siler and Billy Madden, George Seddons and Jack Gallagher, Billy Flynn and Jack Turner, Chuster and Curry, Teddy Harney and Charley Cameron, O'Leary and Ketchum, Pat McNeary and O'Neill. Neary had invited Billy Edwards to don the buckskins with him in the wind-up, offering him a century for his services, but the champion didn't return answer, and was at home in Brooklyn, sick; so Billy Madden took his place, and a very good set-to they made, though Fiddler is too muscular for skillful Billy. A gentleman present announced from the stage that he would give Edwards $100 at any time to set-to with Neary upon the conditions heretofore mentioned, in New York or elsewhere, and he certainly will take at least what he said. The gathering was very orderly throughout, and Uncle Tovee had a good word to say for them when he returned thanks for Neary,

DEATH OF MRS. JIMMY SHAW.—This lady, well known to the sporting and theatrical community in the English metropolis as the wife of the veteran Jimmy Shaw, the mainstay of whose establishment she has been for many years past, expired at her residence, the Brown Bear, Grafton street, Soho, on Monday afternoon, Dec. 28, at the age of fifty. *Bell's Life* says of her: "A kinder-hearted woman to the poor—especially children—never lived, and many will have cause to remember the acts of generosity displayed by the Shaws in the days of their prosperity, now that she, whose amiability of manner made her the life and soul of whatever she undertook, has been taken away so unexpectedly at the comparatively early age of fifty. Mrs. Shaw was the last of the Pendrils, whose ancestors rescued Charles II from the oak when pursued by the soldiers of Cromwell, for which service the King conferred honors on the family." Twenty years ago, when the prize-ring was a well-fostered institution in Great Britain, the hostelrie of the Shaws was extensively patronized by the aristocrats of the sporting world, who, on the "eve of the battle" were wont to crowd around the festive board and prepare themselves inwardly for the early morning jaunt. To the kindliness of Mrs. Shaw's nature and her cheery disposition, combined with her tact in managing a house of this description, their success and popularity were mainly due.

COMMODORE HARRY HYATT, a gentleman long identified with sporting matters in Philadelphia, Pa., will be the recipient of a complimentary testimonial at Harry Enochs' Variety Theatre, Eleventh and Wood streets, that city, on Thursday evening, Feb. 4. Efforts are being made to make this affair excel all entertainments of like character which have hitherto taken place in Quakerdom, and, apart from the performances of Enochs' company of artists, we find on the bills the names of the following New York and Philadelphia Knights of the Fives, whose ability as boxers is widely known: Billy Edwards and Arthur Chambers, Billy McLean and Harry Hicken, Fred Smith and Jim Murray, Jim Coburn and Harry Edwards, Lew Chambers and Joe Holland, Peters and McCuen, and the wind-up between Edwards (the champion) and Harry Hicken. Walker and Peters, who had such a slashing glove-fight recently, will also spar in costume for a silver cup, and Denny Higgins and Jack Hartley, vocalists of local repute, will sing Irish and English comic songs.

MIKE COBURN'S benefit at Enochs' Variety Theatre, Philadelphia, on the evening of Jan. 23, was well attended, and afforded complete satisfaction to all who crossed the threshold. The boxing was done by Walker and Cleary, Harry Hicken and Jack Hogan, Joe Holland and Joe Horton, and the beneficiary and Arthur Chambers in the closing meet. The lookers-on attested in the usual manner their appreciation of the skill displayed, and were particulary pleased with the exhibition of science given by Mike and Arthur. Mickey returned to Gotham next day, and expresses himself highly pleased with the treatment he received while away, for which he returns thanks to Messrs. Hyatt, Chambers and others.

A SPARRING AND VARIETY ENTERTAINMENT, concluding with a grand mask and fancy-dress ball, is to be given for the benefit of Joe Coburn, at the Columbia Opera-house, Greenwich avenue and Twelfth street, this city, on Thursday evening, Jan. 28. The feature of the show will be an illustration of the art of manual defense by the beneficiary and George Rooke (who assumes to the title of champion), which will be preceded by a number of other boxing matches between accomplished metropolitan pugs, varied by other athletic exercises of an interesting character. One dollar admits you to the whole show.

PAT SMITH AND DENNIS MURRY, a couple of athletic miners residing at Avondale, Pa., enlivened the dull season by an impromptu game of fisticuffs, on the flats near there, on Tuesday morning, Jan. 12, $25 being at stake. They fought ninety rounds, each receiving severe punishment, in two hours and four minutes, when Murry was unable to continue the struggle, and Smith was declared the victor. It was subsequently discovered that Smith's arm had been broken by a fall in the final round. About two hundred people witnessed it.

JACK CONWAY, whose deeds of prowess in the Pennsylvania coal-regions — where he vanquished Jerry Donovan and Billy Costello—have been duly recorded, arrived in the metropolis recently, and, being short of funds, will try and raise some needed currency by giving a sparring and variety show at Barry's Sixth Ward Hotel, corner of Duane and Centre streets, on Tuesday evening, Feb. 2. In the closing meet of what promises to be a good exhibition, Jack will cross daddles with Jim Coyne of Newark, N. J.

COL. T. H. MONSTERY, the accomplished swordsman and teacher of the art of self-defense, will give a grand entertainment, consisting of sparring, fencing with small-sword, broadsword, etc., at his Academy, No. 619 Sixth avenue, on Monday evening, Feb. 1, at eight o'clock P. M. Trials of skill will then take place between some of the leading professionals and amateurs in the metropolis, and all who admire performances of this character may calculate upon witnessing rare sport on this occasion.

JOHNNY MURPHY AND TOM MCALPIN (Soap), assisted by Billy Madden and Murph's trained canine, gave a sporting show at Hurst Hall, Hudson, N. Y., on Tuesday evening, Jan. 19, and were greeted by a paying house, we hear. Their acknowledgments are herewith tendered to Dr. A. Whitbeck, R. Wartman, Chas. Winants, Ray Gaul and E. Hodge for favors shown while there.

BANJO-PLAYING for a prize will be in order at C. W. Holcomb & Bro.'s, No. 622 Ninth avenue, corner of Forty-fourth street, on Saturday evening, Jan. 30. Prof. J. K. Buckley will be on hand.

HARRY HICKEN is looking for money with which to make a match with Fiddler Neary, and from present indications he will succeed in finding it shortly.

THERE ARE LETTERS in our care for Geo. Rooke and Geo. Ogden.

AQUATIC.

PROPOSED BIG MATCHES BEYOND THE ATLANTIC.—Boyd and Lumsden, the crack pair of the McKenzie-Thompson school of Tyne oarsmen, to whom Bagnall and Winship of the Adelaide school had to lower their colors recently, are anxious to increase the number of their conquests, and to that end a meeting was held at W. R. McKenzie's, the Black Bull Inn, Newcastle, on the evening of Jan. 4, when it was decided to issue the subjoined challenges, each of the proposed races to be rowed over the Tyne Championship Course: R. W. Boyd of Gateshead and W. Lumsden of Blyth will row T. Winship of Newcastle and J. H. Sadler of London a double-scull race, for £200 a side, in three months from the first deposit. Or Boyd and Lumsden will row Robt. Bagnall of the Ouseburn and J. H. Sadler a pair-oared race, for £200 a side, in three months from the first deposit. Boyd will row any man in England excepting Sadler a scullers' race either in best-and-best or open boats; or he will row any youth in the world under 21 years of age, in three months' time, for £100 a side. Lumsden will pull T. Winship, in best-and-best boats, for £100 or £200 a side, in three months' time.

WHILE the yacht Tidal Wave, Commodore Voorhis, was en route from Bermuda to St. Thomas, W. I., a boat containing two sailors was picked up off the island of Sambrero. The men were provided with suitable clothing, and handed over to the British consul at St. Thomas, where the yacht arrived Jan. 3, subsequently sailing for Vera Cruz.

THE AMHERST COLLEGE BOATING ASSOCIATION have determined to send a crew to the next intercollegiate regatta, being impelled to this action by a desire to obtain a voice in deciding where future regattas shall be held. Should her representatives prove successful at Saratoga, it is probable that they will be satisfied to row upon that water again.

BASEBALL.

BASEBALL ON THE ICE.

The third of the series of baseball contests on ice—played every Saturday at the Prospect Park Lake, Brooklyn, N. Y.—took place Jan. 23, and so fine was the weather, and so favorable was everything for a good game, that nine full innings were played, the contest affording the spectators and players alike lots of fun, and some good play at times. As before, Barnie's side won.

BARNIE'S SIDE.	R.	B.	PO.	A.	BURDOCK'S SIDE.	R.	B.	PO.	A.
Barnie, c.	3	4	12	2	Burdock, p.	2	3	7	0
Rankin, p.	1	0	2	3	Dunn, c.	1	1	9	1
Palmer, 3d b.	3	3	2	1	Crosby, 1st b.	1	3	6	2
W. West, 1st b.	5	4	4	0	Kelly, 3d b.	2	2	2	1
Quinn, s s.	2	1	0	1	Freeman, r f.	2	2	0	0
Laughlin, 2d b.	2	2	5	1	Roche, s s.	2	1	1	1
Bassett, c f.	2	2	0	0	Daly, l f.	1	1	0	1
Ruddy, r s.	4	3	1	0	Denham, 2d b.	2	3	1	0
Ryan, l f.	4	3	1	0	Campbell, c f.	2	3	1	0
Stewart, r f.	1	1	0	0	Ranson, r s.	3	1	0	0
Totals.	26	23	27	8	Totals.	18	20	27	6

Barnie's Side..3 2 6 1 2 1 10 1 0—26
Burdock's Side. 1 1 2 1 3 0 4 3 3—18

First base by errors—Barnie's Side, 12; Burdock's Side, 11. Runs earned—Barnie's Side, 4; Burdock's Side, 2. Umpire, Mr. Chadwick. Time of game—1h. 40m.

THE NINES OF 1875.

The following are the names of the players now engaged to play in the professional clubs of Boston, Hartford, New Haven, New York, Brooklyn, Philadelphia, St. Louis, Keokuk and Chicago this coming season. The names of the clubs are given in alphabetical order:

ATHLETIC.—Clapp, c.; McBride, p.; Anson, 1st b.; Fisler, 2d b.; Sutton, 3d b.; Force, s. s.; Hall, l. f.; Eggler, c. f.; Gilroy, r. f.

BOSTON.—Barlow, c.; Roseman, p.; Crane, 1st b.; Patterson, 2d b.; Nichols, 3d b.; Kessler, s. s.; Pabor, l. f.; Clack, c. f.; Boyd, r. f.; Cassidy, change p.

BOSTON.—White, c.; Spaulding, p.; O'Rourke, 1st b.; Barnes 2d b.; Schafer, 3d b.; Geo. Wright, s. s.; Leonard, l. f.; H. Wright, c. f.; McVey, r. f.; Beals, sub.; Manning, sub.

CHICAGO.—Higham, c.; Zettlein, p.; Glenn, 1st b.; Peters, 2d b.; Warren, 3d b.; Keerl, s. s.; Hines, l. f.; Hastings, c. f.; Devlin, r. f.; Bielaski, sub.

CENTENNIAL.—Craver, c.; Bechtel, p.; Abadie, 1st b.; Sciffmerville, 2d b.; McGinley, 3d b.; Timmon, s. s., Foran, l. f.; Mason, c. f.; Flowers, r. f.

HARTFORD.—Allison, c.; Bond, p.; Mills, 1st b.; Burdock, 2d b.; Ferguson, 3d b.; Carey, s. s.; Yorke, l. f.; Remson, c. f.; Cummings, r. f.

MUTUAL.—Hicks, c.; Mathews, p.; Start, 1st b.; Nelson, 2d b.; Geer, 3d b.; Gerhardt, s. s.; Gedney, l. f.; McGee, c. f.; Booth, r. f.

PHILADELPHIA.—Snyder, c.; Fisher, p.; Mack, 1st b.; Addy, 2d b.; Palmer, 3d b.; McGeary, s. s.; McMullin, l. f.; Meyerle, c. f.; G. Schafler, r. f.

ST. LOUIS.—Miller, c.; Bradley, p.; Dehlman, 1st b.; Battin, 2d b.; Fleet, 3d b.; Pearce, s. s.; Cuhbert, l. f.; Pike, c. f.; Chapman, r. f.; Hauge, sub.; Waite, sub.

WESTERN.—Barnie, c.; Golden, p.; Simmons, 1st b.; Miller, 2d b.; Goldsmith, 3d b.; Quinn, s. s.; Baker, l. f.; A. Pratt, c. f.; Riley, r. f.

In addition, professional clubs are organizing in New Haven, Cincinnati and Easton.

THE ST. LOUIS CLUB.

A letter from Chapman announces the arrival at St. Louis of the Brooklyn contingent of the St. Louis professional club, and John, in his epistle to the Brooklynites dated from the Everett House, St. Louis, Jan. 22, says:

Pearce, Dehlman, Fleet, and myself arrived here last Sunday morning, after a rough ride of over three days and as many nights. We are all well pleased with our new friends. They are all gentlemen of high standing, and as fine a set of men as I have ever met. They are very anxious for us to beat Chicago. If we only do that—and I know we will—they will be satisfied. This will be the greatest city in the country for baseball the coming season. Everyone appears to be red-hot on it here. We had a very pleasant time last evening at the new club-rooms of Manager Graffen, a large party being present. The directors of the new club are determined to have their club rules observed, and to make each and every player live up to his contract.

The St. Louis Club is to make a good beginning, and under the auspices of such gentlemen as compose the officials of the organization the probability is that the players will take more pride in the success of the club than they have yet done in other nines. They have every incentive to urge them to do their best—liberal pay, gentlemen to play for, a city which will award them all the praise they deserve, and a team that ought to rank high this coming season in the race for the pennant. They should remember that no professional club has yet succeeded in winning the pennant the first year of their organization. Even the Bostons failed.

THE NEW HAVEN NINE.—Among the players who are likely to comprise the Elm City nine for 1875 are Bankr, c.; Britt, p.; Knowdel, 1st b.; Laughlin, 2d b.; Doescher, 3d b.; Holdsworth, s. s.; Ryan, l. f.; Tipper, c. f.; Nichols, r. f. Laughlin is of the Flyaways, and a first-class base-player. Doescher is of the Nassaus, and played third in fine style last season. Nichols is from Bridgeport and Banker from Easton. Ryan fielded in admirable style in the Baltimore nine. He is an A No. 1 player, and thoroughly reliable. Tipper is also a good fielder, as his play in the Hartford nine proved. Knowdel is a good catcher, and would make a fine first-base player.

THE PEABODY B. B. C. of Baltimore, Md., held a meeting Jan. 21, when the following gentlemen were chosen officers for 1875: President, W. L. Schley; vice-president, Joseph B. Collins; secretary, R. H. Schecklells; treasurer, O. H. Butler; directors—S. K. Chester, R. H. Sheckells and Geo. H. Hoover.

THE SECRETARY of the Olympic B. B. Club of Paterson, N. J., is notified of a letter addressed to him in our care.

TRIGGER.

PIGEON-SHOOTING MATCH—ROBERTSON vs. MEYERS.

The adjourned pigeon-shooting match for $150 a side between Messrs Meyers of Newark, N. J., and J. P. Robertson of Brooklyn, was brought to a decision on Monday, Jan. 18, at Dexter's, the grounds of the Long Island Shooting Club, near the old Union Course. Notwithstanding the blinding snowstorm that prevailed throughout the day, there was a good attendance; for the match, which was play or pay, had caused a large amount of speculation. The contestants originally met on these grounds on the 11th inst., to shoot for $100 a side, at thirty birds each, 21 yards rise, 80 yards boundary, with 1¼ ounce of shot, according to Rhode Island rules, when the match resulted in a tie, each killing 23 birds. Business coming on, they could not shoot the tie off on that occasion, and they mutually agreed to add $50 each to the stakes, and to shoot at twenty-five more birds each, under the same conditions, with the exception that Long Island Club rules should govern, on Monday, Jan. 18. On commencing the contest, Mr. William Taylor was appointed referee. Ira Paine was selected by Meyers to trap and handle for him, while Robertson chose Mr. Green to act for him. The latter completely outhandled Paine, for the birds trapped by the former were strong flyers, while Paine's were weak on the wing, and easily stopped. Meyers shot with a Parker breechloader, 10-bore, while Robertson used a 12-gauge Scott breechloader. Robertson commenced the match, and, being in good form, brought down his first ten birds in straight succession; missed his eleventh, twenty-first and twenty-fifth, and killed all the rest in superb style, thus scoring 22 birds out of 25 shot at. Meyers missed his fourth, sixth, tenth and nineteenth birds, and retired from the contest on his twenty-fourth bird, being then two birds behind and impossible to tie his opponent, his score standing 20 killed and 4 missed out of 24. Robertson was fortunate in having easy birds to shoot at, and also in the fact that this second match was shot under the Long Island rules, for, out of the twenty-five birds shot at, he had five snapped cartridges, four of which were on difficult birds, all of which he killed, while if this match had been shot, like the previous one, under the Rhode Island rules, each of the bad cartridges would have scored a miss against him, and his opponent Meyers would have won the match. We give the score:

Robertson..1111 1111 0111 1111 01110—Killed 22, missed 3
Meyers....1101 0100 1111 1101 1111—Killed 20, missed 4
*Fell dead out of bounds.

PIGEON-SHOOTING MATCH ON LONG ISLAND.

The postponed pigeon-shooting match between J. P. Robertson of Brooklyn, and Walter McFall of Flatbush, adjourned after shooting a tie on Jan. 15, was brought to a decision on the grounds of the Long Island Club at Dexter's, near the Union Course, on Friday, Jan. 22. On the first occasion when they met, the match was for $200, at 21 birds each; 21yds. rise, 80yds. boundary, 1¼ ounce shot, from one trap, and Long Island club rules to govern. Each shooter then killed 20 birds, and they increased the distance to 25yds. rise, and shot at three birds each, of which each man killed one, leaving the match again a tie. Not being able to shoot off that day, they agreed to increase the stakes to $150 a side, and to shoot at twenty-one birds each from H and T traps, at 21yds. rise, on Friday, Jan. 22. On that day they met, and Robertson brought down his birds in such fine style that his opponent retired on his 15th bird, resigning the match. We give the score:

Robertson.....1111 10101 11110—Killed 12, missed 3
McFall.....1110 00010 00000—Killed 6, missed 9

A handicap sweepstakes at three birds each, 1¼oz. shot, 80yds. boundary, Long Island rules, was then shot with the following result:

J. P. Robertson, 23yds. 111—3 J. Bowling, 21yds..... 111—3
W. McFall, 21yds..... 101—2 Mr. Evans, 21yds..... 110—2
Mr. Ducker, 20yds.. 010—1

Messrs. Robertson and Bowling, having tied, divided the stakes.

RIFLE MATCH.—A shooting match came off at Zettler's Rifle Gallery, No. 207 Bowery, this city, Jan. 21, between a team representing that gallery and a team from A. G. Hellswig's Gallery, Eighth avenue and Thirty-fourth street. The former side won, measuring in sixty shots 51⅛ inches to their opponents' 56⅜ inches. The winners were presented by Capt. P. G. Moore, one of the losers, with a gold medal valued at $20. A return match will be shot on the evening of the 28th inst., at eight o'clock.

NEGOTIATIONS are pending for a rifle-match, home-and-home, between Company E, First Infantry, N. G. C., of San Francisco, and Company D, Twelfth Regiment, N. G. S. N. Y., of this city. A challenge issued by the former has been accepted by the latter.

BICYCLE VS. HORSE.—The match in which John Keen, the champion bicyclist of England, undertook to ride eight miles while Mr. Finch's Black Bess trotted a like distance, for £100, was decided near London, Eng., Dec. 28. The mare having previously trotted two miles in 6:38 3-5, she was backed heavily at 10 to 6. The race created unusual interest, and large sums were wagered on the result. The course was divided all the way round by a cord. The articles stipulated that the bicycle rider should take the inside track, which in eight miles would make a difference of 428 yds. 2ft., a distance allowed the trotter at the start. The mare got away first, and led on the first mile, which she made in 3:04, Keen's time being 3:19. On the second mile, the animal still led, and crossed the score in 3:20 to Keen's 3:31. On the third mile the bicycle rider came up with the trotter, passed her, and kept the lead, crossing the score in 3:10. Keen then increased his speed, and opened a wide gap, finishing the fourth mile in 3:07. The fifth mile was made in 3:12. He was then so hopelessly ahead of the trotter that the owner of the trotter withdrew her on the sixth mile, her time for that distance being 20:30. Keen kept on steadily, and completed the eight miles in 28:12½.

COCKING MAIN.—On Monday evening, Jan. 18, James Sterling of Pottsville, Pa., fought a main of eight cocks with Marks Behm of Reading, at the latter place, the weights ranging from 4lb 2oz. to 5lb 4oz. The handling was done by the gentlemen above named, and the battle money was $50 on the main and $30 on each bird. Pottsville won five out of the eight. After the main two cocks each were entered for separate battles, Pottsville winning both.

Wrestling Match in Nevada.

Piper's Opera-house, Gold Hill, Nevada, was crowded on the night of Jan. 10, when a wrestling match, collar and elbow, for one thousand dollars, came off between Volney E. Sabin and Dick Bellam, both residents of that place. The former is a native of New York State, is 38 years of age, and weighs about 190lb. Bellam is a Canadian by birth, 34 years old, and lowered the scales at 170lb. He is a miner, while his opponent is an engineer in the mines. After the selection of J. W. Sheridan as referee—Ed Caffrey standing umpire for Bellam and Eugene Markey for Sabin—the men appeared upon the stage, and at nine o'clock the word was given to get to work, which they proceeded with alacrity to do. Sabin, who was evidently inclined to press matters, tripped Bellam, but the latter saved himself, and then made an attempt to do likewise to Sabin. Volney kept his eyes wide open, to await developments, however, and his opportunity soon arrived, when he locked his left leg neatly around Bellam's right, and threw him fairly and squarely upon his back. Nothing could have been done neater. Time, 8min. The referee then ordered a rest of fifteen minutes. The second round lasted 43min., and considerable science was displayed by both parties. Sabin started in very confident, and made his first attempt to throw his opponent. Bellam nearly touched the floor, but regained his feet amid applause from the house. Sabin was altogether too confident, and gave Bellam more than one excellent opportunity to end the round. Dick seemed more disposed to let Sabin do the locking, and by that means to throw him. Twice again Volney nearly threw Bellam. At last seeing that the latter would not stand up to his work he commenced to tap him below his right knee-cap, invariably hitting in one spot. At last the blood began to show through Bellam's tights, and his friends raised a cry of "foul below." It now became evident that it was Bellam's intention to wear his opponent out, as Sabin grew very flushed. Sabin tried to press matters, and five times again he almost threw Bellam, but the latter was too quick. Then Dick commenced his work, pressing Sabin, and at last they fell together on their knees. The referee declared it "no fall." The third round was quickly decided in Sabin's favor. Time, four minutes. The referee then decided him winner of the wrestle and purse. Sabin was then lifted on the shoulders of his friends and carried to the green-room.

MILITIAMEN AS CURLISTS.—A game was played on the curling pond, Central Park, Jan. 19, between members of Companies E and A, Seventy-ninth Infantry, N. G. S. N. Y., which resulted as under:

COMPANY E.	Rink No. 1.	COMPANY A.
No. 1, Private Gillie.		No. 1, Sergt. Brown.
No. 2, Sergt. Hamilton.	16	No. 2, Corpl. Remle. 15
No. 3, Lieut. Gillie.		No. 3, Lieut. Lvall.
Skip, Capt. Clark.		Skip, Sergt. Addison.
	Rink No. 2.	
No. 1, Private Keating.		No. 1, Corpl. Foye.
No. 2, Corpl. Shaw.	17	No. 2, Cpl. Youngman. 10
No. 3, Corpl. Mundal.		No. 3, Lt. Edmundstone
Skip, Sergt. Manson.		Skip, Private Hall.
Total.	33	Total. 25

SKATING.—There was splendid sport had on the skating lakes of the metropolis and Brooklyn on Jan. 22, the Park lakes at the Central and Prospect Parks being crowded. The weather was "perfectly lovely" and the ladies were out skating in great numbers. On Tuesday of this week the Brooklyn Tabernacle Church Sunday School will enjoy some ice-screaming on the Capitoline Lake.

AMUSEMENTS.

BOOTH'S THEATRE. LAST WEEK.
JARRETT & PALMER ..... Lessees and Managers
POSITIVELY LAST WEEK OF LITTLE EMY.
Halliday's admirable dramatization of Charles Dickens' charming story "David Copperfield," entitled LITTLE EMILY, which has now entered upon
FIFTH WEEK OF ITS PROSPEROUS CAREER,
cannot be presented after next Saturday evening, by reason of the necessity which exists for the free use of the stage for full rehearsals of the forthcoming Shakespearian pageant. The scenery is remarkably fine, and includes among its pictures, all of which have novel mechanical actions, THE ARK ON THE SANDS, THE ILLUMINATED CATHEDRAL, THE STORM AT SEA, THE THRILLING SHIPWRECK SCENE, THE SAILING OF THE SHIP.
* During the entire week beginning February 1, the theatre will be closed for careful and elaborate rehearsals by the company, and of the scenery and mechanism of the grand Shakespearian pageant HENRY V, which will be produced on Monday evening, Feb. 6, with a degree of splendor not yet attained by the American stage. Next Friday evening, Jan. 29, an extraordinary bill for the benefit of Mr. Frederic B. Warde. Seats can be secured. 44-1t

TONY PASTOR'S OPERA-HOUSE, No. 201 BOWERY, opposite Spring street.
MATINEES TUESDAY AND FRIDAY.
Prodigious success of the young and talented
MISS MINNIE PALMER,
THIRTY CHARMING LADY VOCALISTS,
A new comic drama called
THE SEWING-GIRL'S BALL,
Miss JENNIE MORGAN, KATIE KANE, ANNIE MORGAN, KITTY WHITLAND, LOTTIE GRANT, JULIA ENGEL, NELLIE LEADER, KATE HOWARD, NELLIE VINCENT, SALLIE REED, JENNY WRAY, &c.
TONY PASTOR'S POPULAR SONGS,
WITH CHORUSES BY ALL VOICES.
Billy Barry, Larry Tooley, Billy Emmett, J. H. Ryan, Frank Girard, G. F. McDonald, &c.
THREE HOURS OF GENUINE FUN.
LADIES ADMITTED FREE ON FRIDAY EVENING. Ten Tons of Coal given away on Saturday evening. 44-1t

LYCEUM THEATRE,
FOURTEENTH STREET AND SIXTH AVENUE.
LAST WEEK in New York of
MRS. ROUSBY AS THE LADY ELIZABETH.
As Mrs. Rousby's engagement in New York is limited to only TWO WEEKS more, and as requests are constantly made that this distinguished artiste be presented in Shakespearian character, Messrs. Grau & Chizzola respectfully announce for EVERY EVENING this week and SATURDAY MATINEE the
LAST APPEARANCE IN NEW YORK OF
MRS. ROUSBY AS ROSALIND,
in her great original role of THE LADY ELIZABETH, as played by her one thousand times in England, in Tom Taylor's great historical play,
SIXTY NIGHTS AND CROWN,
supported by GEO. CLARKE and a full dramatic company
MONDAY, February 1, first time this season in New York, Shakespeare's AS YOU LIKE IT. First appearance of MRS. ROUSBY AS ROSALIND. 44-1t

UNION-SQUARE THEATRE.
Proprietor.....MR. SHERIDAN SHOOK
Manager.....MR. A. M. PALMER
Begins at 8; over at 11. Thirty-second to forty-third time of
THE TWO ORPHANS.
THE MOST BEAUTIFUL PLAY
SEEN IN THIS CITY FOR YEARS.
The success of this marvelous play is greater than that of any previous production here, and has never been equaled elsewhere.
The Scenery, by Marston, is the most magnificent ever set upon any stage.
SATURDAY, JAN. 30, SEVENTH MATINEE OF THE TWO ORPHANS.
Seats may be secured one month in advance. 44-1t

BRYANT'S OPERA-HOUSE,
WEST TWENTY-THIRD STREET.
Every Night at 8. Saturday Matinee at 2.
ENTIRE CHANGE OF BILL. TWO HOURS' FUN.
EVERY NIGHT A NEW ATTRACTION.
First appearance of the great Pantomimist and Comedian, MR. JAMES S. MAFFITT,
in his original Negro Pantomime entitled
KALIKO, KING OF THE KANIBAL ISLANDS.
King Kaliko Matinee Saturday at 2. 44-1t*

FIFTH-AVENUE THEATRE.
Proprietor and Manager.....MR. AUGUSTIN DALY.
EVERY NIGHT OF THE DAY.
A GREAT SUCCESS.
HOUSES CROWDED.—All novelties postponed for the present. Miss Fanny Davenport, Sara Jewett, Mrs. Gilbert, James Lewis, W. Davidge, Louis James, and all the favorite Fifth-avenue Company in the cast.
SATURDAY MATINEE AT 1:30. 44-1t

WOOD'S MUSEUM, WOOD'S.
MONDAY, JAN. 25—HERNANDEZ FOSTER.
Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday evening, and Wednesday Matinee.
MONDAY ON
JACK HARKAWAY, AFLOAT AND ASHORE.
Thursday, Friday, and Saturday evenings, and Saturday Matinee.
JACK HARKAWAY AMONG THE BRIGANDS.
MATINEES, Monday, Tuesday, Thursday and Friday.
JACK SHEPPARD. 44-1t*

SAN FRANCISCO MINSTRELS,
NEW OPERA-HOUSE, BROADWAY, COR. 29TH ST.
Immense success—crowded houses.
CLOTILDE, OR THE BRUISED HEART.
First week of the new act of
MR. AND MRS. VISITORS.
THE SUB-COMMITTEE.
Monday, Feb. 1, The Fairy Trick-pantomime.
Centennial 1776 or 1876, by the Butler Pantomime Troupe.
44-1t MATINEE SATURDAY AT 2.

OLYMPIC THEATRE,
No. 624 BROADWAY.
MR. JOHN F. POOLE.....MANAGER.
Ready on Monday, the new Burlesque,
THE SHOCK-RAUN.
THE SHOCK-RAUN.
Every scene and appointment entirely new.
A SUPERB CAST OF CHARACTERS.
First appearance of the funniest of all comedians,
MR. JOHN HART,
also of the great ventriloquist,
MR. ALEX. DAVIS.
The eminent character actor, MR. WM. SCANLAN.
The famed Irish comedians, Mr. JAMES CLARKE.
MR. SOL SMITH RUSSELL
GUS WILLIAMS..... MISS ALICE HARRISON.
THE SHOCK RAUN.
THE SHOCK-RAUN.
THE SHOCK-RAUN.
MATINEES, WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY. 44-1t

PARK THEATRE, OPERA-BOUFFE.
REVIVAL FOR A FEW NIGHTS
of Lecocq's new work, in three acts,
LA FILLE DE MME. ANGOT.
CLAIRETTE.....MLLE. BERTHE GIRARDIN
MLLE. LANGE.....MLLE. MINELLY
ANGE PITOU.....MONS. DE QUERCY
MATINEE SATURDAY. REDUCED PRICES.
In active preparation, the musical sensation of the day,
GIROFLE-GIROFLA. 44-1t

WEEK OF NOVELTIES
AT BARNUM'S.
MENAGERIE, MUSEUM, HIPPODROME.
GRAND SEMI-WEEKLY TROTTING CARNIVAL,
TUESDAY AND FRIDAY NIGHT.
THE GREAT TOURNAMENT SCENE,
INTRODUCING HUNDREDS OF
KNIGHTS, LORDS, LADIES,
SQUIRES AND PAGES
TO BE REPEATED ON WEDNESDAY
THURSDAY AND SATURDAY
EVENINGS OF THIS
WEEK ONLY
ALSO EACH AFTERNOON, THE BRILLIANT
RACES DAY AND NIGHT.
Doors open at 1 and 6:30.
Exhibition at 2:30 and 8.
Admission half price to all. 44-1t

HOOLEY'S OPERA-HOUSE.
CHAS. CALLENDER.....Lessee and Proprietor
DANIEL FROHMAN.....Business Manager

GEORGIA	CALLENDER'S FAMOUS	MINSTRELS
GEORGIA	Third week. Unabated	MINSTRELS
GEORGIA	success.	MINSTRELS
GEORGIA	"Exceeding all previous	MINSTRELS
GEORGIA	Triumphs."	MINSTRELS
GEORGIA	Kersands, Davenear, Lucas, Lyle,	MINSTRELS
GEORGIA	Grace, Al. Smith, &c., &c., &c.	MINSTRELS

44-1t*

J. B. SANDERS, FIRST-CLASS CONTORTIONIST, is open for an engagement for the tenting season. Address
THEATRE COMIQUE,
44-1t* Richmond, Va.

CHARLEY LUSBY, DUTCH COMEDIAN, can be engaged on and after Feb. 1 with his new sketch, "Dutchman's Squabbles, or Germany and Ireland," written expressly for him by John Booth Rennet. In which he introduces songs, guitar, and German zither.
Address sole agent, J. G. GRIFFIN,
44-1t* 252 Washington st., Boston, Mass.

A CARD.—FOR CAUSE—GOOD AND SUFFICIENT—I have severed my connection with the Adelphi Theatre here. J. S. WULFF.
Peoria, Ill., Jan. 21, 1875. 44-1t*

COL. GOSHEN AND WM. B. FRELIGH will put on the road the largest and finest theatrical company ever traveled. 44-1t*

COL. GOSHEN AND HIS TWO daughters, finished last week, their successful engagement at the Old Bowery Theatre. Open dates.
Address COL. GOSHEN.
44-1t* No. 96 East Broadway, N. Y. City.

SCENERY FOR SALE CHEAP, $80. ALL NEW Full set. Sold for back charges. Never used. A neat drop curtain, 12x18, drapery style. Parlor, street, wood, kitchen and prison, all 14x18; 8 wings, fancy border, etc., all complete. All unmounted and ready to ship. Suitable for a small hall or traveling Co. Painted by us. Address P. H. LOWELL & Co., Scenic Artists, Bloomington, Illinois. 44-2t*

CHAS. W. PERKINS, ADVERTISING AGENT, now with HEYWOOD BROTHERS' COMBINATION. 44-2t*

MISS DORA BISHOP, SERIO-COMIC VOCALIST. Fine wardrobe and new songs. Managers address her ACADEMY OF MUSIC, 44-1t* Grand Rapids, Mich.

THOS. H. DE WITT,
LEADER OF ORCHESTRA,
Late of Agnes Wallace Troupe,
DESIRES AN ENGAGEMENT.
44-2t* Address Titusville, Pa.

**THEAT

MOLLY MOGG.

In the year 1736, Gay the poet, in conjunction with Pope and Swift, composed a ballad on Miss Mary Mogg, which appeared in *Mists Journal* Aug. 27. The production was written in a very droll vein, which tickled the ear of the public and created a great sensation at the time. Miss Mogg was the daughter of an innkeeper at Workingham, and was possessed of remarkable beauty. In this droll composition the wits seem to have found almost every rhyme that would match the name or their heroine.

The schoolboy delights in a play-day,
The schoolmaster's joy is to flog,
The milkmaid's delight is in May-day,
But mine is in sweet Molly Mogg.

Will-o'-wisp leads the traveler a-gadding
Through ditch and through quagmire and bog,
No light can e'er set me a-padding
But the eyes of my sweet Molly Mogg.

For guineas in other men's breeches
Your gamesters will palm and will cog;
But I envy them none of their riches,
So I palm my sweet Molly Mogg.

The hart that's half wounded is ranging,
It here and there leaps like a frog,
But my heart can never be changing,
It's so fixed on my sweet Molly Mogg.

I know that by wits 'tis recited
That women at best are a clog,
But I'm not so easily frighted
From loving my sweet Molly Mogg.

A letter when I am inditing,
Comes Cupid and gives me a jog,
And I fill all my paper with writing
Of nothing but sweet Molly Mogg.

I feel I'm in love to distraction,
My senses are lost in a fog,
And in nothing can find satisfaction
But in thoughts of my sweet Molly Mogg.

If I would not give up the three Graces,
I wish I were hanged like a dog,
And at court all the drawing-room faces,
For a glance at my sweet Molly Mogg.

For those faces want nature and spirit,
And seem as cut out of a log;
Juno, Venus, and Pallas' merit
Unite in my sweet Molly Mogg.

Were Virgil alive with his Phillis,
And writing another Eclogue,
Both his Phillis and fair Amaryllis
He'd give for my sweet Molly Mogg.

When she smiles on each guest like her liquor,
Then jealousy sets me agog;
To be sure she's a bit for the vicar,
And so I shall lose Molly Mogg.

THE TRUE AND THE FALSE;

OR,

WHEN THE SHIP COMES HOME.

CHAPTER XXI.

Some that smile have in their hearts, I fear,
Millions of mischiefs that never appear.—SHAKESPEARE.

In that moment of darkness and solitude when Frank was whispering words of fondness in Ellen's willing ear, an assassin's hand had hovered above his head, and the deed, foul and ungodly as it was, had been all but done. While the deadening crash still lingered in the air, Frank staggered and fell, stricken down senseless.

When the affrighted servants clustered round their young master, over whose recumbent form Ellen clung in the wildest agony of despair, they saw a wound in his right brow, from which the blood was trickling and staining all his white face.

But even while they were devising means to convey him into the house he showed signs of returning consciousness.

"Nell! Oh!" he murmured, looking up confused and bewildered.

"Frank, my poor darling; Ah! are you hurt?"

"No, my love."

"Heaven be praised!"

"Nell, tell the men to search the grounds, but not to summon any assistance. It may be better that this should not be known."

The coachman, who had served Frank for so many years, had already commenced searching over the grounds. But no one could be seen; no one had been seen from the first instant.

Down by a cluster of shrubs, a few inches from the wall that overlooked the garden, and only some nine or ten feet from where Francis Hopetown lay, the coachman picked up a revolver which had just recently exploded. The barrel was twisted and wrenched partly from the stock, and two of the chambers were rent and cracked like an eggshell.

The coachman, by the aid of a stable lantern, traced marks of blood on the wall and also on the stock of the deadly instrument.

"Fool work," he said, with an Englishman's honest abhorrence of such a cowardly action. "He's had a judgment on him anyway. He's suffered more than master, the murderous villain."

He followed Frank, who was being led into the house, and mentioned his discovery.

Both for that unforseen accident the bullet would have fulfilled its deadly mission. My time is not come, I suppose," Frank said, with a melancholy smile. "But——"

There he checked himself, as if not wishing to raise any conjectures. But Ellen had guessed his passing thoughts, and finished the sentence for him.

"Who could have done it? What motive could anyone have in injuring you, my dear Frank?" She was very pale, and her lips trembled as she spoke. "The deed will come home to the evildoer."

"He made good his escape, Nell. Well, perhaps it is better so. Let the servants say as little as possible about this. We are likely never to find out who the would-be assassin was. Thank Heaven, I am no worse. This is a mere scratch. I will bathe it."

"Will you see a doctor, Frank?"

"No," he said, with a smile. "The wound is only a kindscrape. I have had many worse ones at college."

And then he became moody and thoughtful. This attempt, in spite of its miserable failure, told him that his life was in danger. The man who could do or meditate an act of that kind would not relinquish his horrid purpose through the failure of the weapon.

The thought which troubled him most of all was, who could it be? A common house-robber or footpad would not have done it. Could it have been some desperate ruffian paid by his enemies, amongst whom were Marcus and Ruhl? Would Ruhl do such a thing?

Frank did not moot the question to Ellen. He instinctively felt that it would be a painful one to her.

The servants were told to keep the affair a secret as far as it was possible, and Frank, having well examined the exploded revolver, put it carefully away. The treacherous weapon would not be entirely a new one, but it bore neither maker's name nor mark.

The next morning Frank was up and evidently as well as ever. Ellen had placed some goldbeater's skin over the wound, which her love had magnified into a desperate affair.

"Birdie," said Frank, "don't forget that we must be up and away. I am not going to risk having you shot at next."

"Why more here than elsewhere?" answered Ellen, with one of her critical and inquiring glances.

"You have given me a poser there, Nell," laughed Frank, though it had been on the tip of his tongue to remark that if this unseen friend had not been there where to find them he could not have made this attempt on Frank's life.

"You will not stay here after I am gone, Frank?"

"No. Between John's club, my chambers and you my time will be pretty well occupied without wasting any of it here. Besides, without you this house would be a dungeon."

"Come, Frank, I shall begin to think I am being courted by a cavalier of old," said Ellen, with a flush and a smile, both indications of extreme pleasure.

"Why, birdie, men should be the same now as in past ages. Manner and dress have changed, but can we not love the same and as tenderly?"

"I trust so, my dear Frank."

"You may rely upon it, Nell, that the great barrier to happiness in matrimonial circles is the want of sentiment. Men are stupid enough to imagine a little honest, outspoken affection beneath them, and naturally grow cool and restrained, and their wives gradually but surely drift into the same cold and formal mood, checking every little action that would betray one of those tender impulses of the heart a woman so often longs to make known, but restrained for fear the show of affection should be ill-timed, or passe, or unwelcome."

Ellen's mind, going back to the days when her father occupied the dull house at Kennington, gave an involuntary sigh.

"Yes," she said, "I have seen that myself. A more fond and fond-hearted woman cannot exist than my mamma; my darling father was a good and affectionate man, but they both drifted into the mere parents of their children, equally making sacrifices for the one and only—us; but remaining themselves, one the placid and obedient, too silent and contented wife, the other an almost apathetic satisfied husband, willing to make any sacrifice when the means were in his power for the benefit of those about him. Yet I am sure my parents loved each other dearly and purely, but had grown beyond, in their graver years, the pleasure of expressing their affection perhaps openly."

"But don't you think, birdie, there can be such a thing as a deeper, a graver and therefore almost sublimer love than the touchy, fretful, jealous passion indulged in by two children like ourselves?"

"How?" True love is positive."

"Truly; but true love can even deepen, grow more sweetly intense when the days of exhausting the vocabulary of fond epithets and lovable adjectives, when the hopes and fears are over, and we see the past—our past—coming back upon us in the offspring about us, and we rest tranquil and almost silent in the sweet enjoyment of each other's love, too long and perhaps too sorely tried to ever be doubted, and jealousy surrenders unconditionally to the loftier and sweeter goddess Faith."

"One period is the love, the expectations, ambitions, and apprehensions; the other is tranquillity. I can only liken them to an ardent young soldier preparing for the battle, full of joy, golden dreams, and grand aspirations; and the same when he has retired—the honors won, the battles over. He could not live in the quiet hours of reverie I could imagine him relating every incident one by one, and in his mind going through the life that had brought him contentment, honorable rest and tranquil old age. I wonder if many persons lament the past?"

"Do you, birdie?"

"No; I only lament that I did not make more of it, appreciate better the thousand and one little nameless happinesses when it was the present."

"Make amends now; give this present its real value and be happy, my pet."

"I am, Frank; so happy that sometimes I wonder if it can last."

"Why not?"

Ellen shook her head, and glanced down at the carpet.

"Never anticipate miseries, Nell. When they come we must fight them down. Come, pet, chocolate will be brought up in ten minutes."

"I had forgotten, dear. I shall not keep you waiting; I shall be ready as soon as you have prepared for the journey."

"No hurry for half an hour. Tell Dyer she is to accompany you; she is awfully forgetful of late—perhaps she's in love."

"Then I can forgive her," laughed Ellen; and Frank laughed too, as he kissed the lovely girl and left the room, and Ellen rang for Dyer.

The event of the previous night had caused Ellen to forget one thing—the copy of her brother's letter. She remembered it now.

"Never mind," she thought; "I will read it in the carriage going along."

Ellen was not so sorry now for the coming change of residence. If the weather was any guide, or to be taken as at all prophetic, her future should have been bright enough. The morning turned out a lovely one; the mists rising off the river before eleven o'clock disclosed a cloudless sky, and the earth and water were aglow with the light of a yellow sun.

The manservant, Cottell, was to take the boxes in the Newport Pagnall, which was used now only for light cart duties; Dyer was to accompany him. The cook and housekeeper, an elderly woman, was already in the house.

"Shall we drive to the palace?" asked Frank, when the brougham was ready for their departure.

"Buckingham?" inquired Ellen, laughing at her own slyness.

"Some day," said Frank quite gravely; "at present I mean that marvel of glass expanse and entertainment at Sydenham; we may as well spend an hour or two there."

"Thanks, dear, I should like it."

The wound, such as it was, his hat entirely covered; Ellen called his attention to this fact, and he only smiled in response.

"Frank," she said, "in the horror and excitement of last night I forgot to say that my poor little loving sister brought me a copy of a letter which had quite lately arrived, and which perhaps I never should have seen but for the courage and devotion of Amy."

"Yes, I quite long to be introduced to that little gipsy queen. She is a brave little woman."

"I think I will take this opportunity to read it, Frank. I am rather anxious and curious."

"My pet, pray do so. I shall enjoy a cigarette."

Ellen took the copy of her brother's letter out of her pocket and read it carefully through.

"He seems to have gone through great hardships with the survey people out there."

"So I suppose, poor fellow."

"At times," Ellen read from the letter, "the life we had to lead in the bush, away from all and any kind of civilization, was simply repugnant to a gentleman, and outraged every feeling. Our scanty kits exhausted, wading through filthy swamps for five or six miles, and then not even a change of socks; at other times trackless snow and dirty fens for a fortnight. Ugh! I shudder when I recall it. When we got back to Montreal I resigned and went with two fellows to the mining fields of America. We have been fortunate, and I am coming home."

"Your brother must have seen something of the world; I almost envy him."

Ellen went on reading the letter. It contained some very tender passages touching upon his father's memory, and expressed the most tender consideration for the plight the family must be left in.

"Never mind; keep up, and I'll put matters shipshape when I come home," he wrote, "and Nell shall be a lady—so shall Amy, when she's old enough."

When she gave the letter to Frank to read he observed one passage in it which Ellen had not paid the slightest attention to in her comments. It ran:

I am pleased to think you have for a lodger such a nice fellow as the original of the photograph inclosed to me; still I should not make too free with him. I wish his portrait was more like your written description of him. I don't know why, but there is something in the face, for which, if it is in the original, I shall mistrust him. He looks to me like a man with a hidden purpose, and one to would work that purpose out without the aid or the confidence of a friend.

"This is a singular passage concerning your friend Ruhl," said Frank.

"It perplexes me," answered Ellen. "I have been pondering over it and trying to remember whether there was any such impression forced upon me at any time."

"And was there?"

"I don't remember one. Charles Ruhl seemed very much above the average of young men of our day. Thoughtful, energetic, quiet and good-hearted; earnest in his religion and indulgent in suffering the opinions of others."

"Upon my word, birdie, I really ought to be jealous; what would you say if I were to draw such a picture of some lady friend?"

"I should be glad to hear it; one's friends cannot be too good."

"Then I must take this friend of yours to be all but perfect?"

"No; I describe what he seemed."

"Very well; and now shall I give you my impression of what he seemed?"

"Do, Frank."

"Well, simply, he to me seemed the kind of man who would pretend ignorance if it suited his purpose to let you think you were his superior in knowledge or worldly smartness; a man who could hide his thoughts and his purpose behind that cachinnatory smile; a man who could not take a friend by the arm and say: 'I am going to do this or that.' He would do it slyly and smile at your surprise at finding that he had accomplished a purpose."

Ellen was silent for a long time, it seemed to Frank, a shade was on her brow, and at last, resting her hand on Frank's arm, she looked very earnestly in his face as she put this question to him:

"Frank, tell me honestly, without reserve, whom you suspect attempted your destruction."

"I cannot in justice, without a grain of evidence before me, suspect anyone."

"That, my dearest Frank, is an evasion. Who has ever given you cause to consider him an enemy?"

"I hardly know my enemies. There is only one man who, with the face of a demon, white, stone-like and resolute, threatened to kill me."

"And he?"

Frank fancied that Ellen's voice trembled as she asked this.

"Charles Ruhl, my pet," he answered quietly.

"O Heavens, no! Do not say, Frank, that you suspect my mother's friend, my little sister's companion and protector! If I really thought him capable of such a thing, they should know of it at home. I could not let a man with such a nature remain under my mother's roof."

"Nell," said Frank, "it is an affair that will possibly remain a mystery forever. Let us not recur to it again. For your sake as well as mine, let us forget it."

He went on reading the letter, from which, and the photograph he had seen of him, he could pretty well guess the sort of man Mr. Edward Temple was.

"A sturdy, right-minded, strong-armed gentleman, who would make his way in the world if he had to commence at the bottom of a coalmine. I think I shall like him," he said, and Ellen was pleased to hear it.

She could not help feeling some regret when she thought that he might return even in a few weeks, and perhaps she would not meet him for a long, long time to come.

Still, all her considerations were for Frank now; she was happy with him, and there was much to make her happy. Her new home contained every luxury that love and money could bring her; she had a pair of gray ponies and an elegant little Victoria.

Frank was compelled to be absent a good deal, but she knew it was for both their sakes. A report had gone abroad that he was married, and he had to be careful.

There is one thing to be mentioned in parentheses: When he made inquiries concerning Ruhl, he learned that Charles had left London on the day previous to the night on which he was shot at.

Ruhl had gone on the Continent, and would be absent a few weeks. Another curious incident can be mentioned here. When Charles Ruhl did return, after an absence of nearly a month, he brought back a letter from John Hartipool, who, in consequence of the accession of a little independency, begged to resign his appointment.

He had acquitted himself with much tact and integrity, and the firm regretted his loss. He had begged Messrs. Saxon, Coburg & Co. to forgive him not returning and resigning in person; but he did not intend returning to England for some years to come, and took the opportunity of settling matters with Mr. Ruhl, knowing him to be a responsible member of the firm.

When Ruhl returned to the dull house at Kennington, there was a marked change in him, a restless, haggard look; his cheeks were sunken, and the whole expression of his face was that of a man suddenly branded by the iron fingers of care. Amy looked at him wistfully, tearfully; the alteration in him gave her a heartpang which she could not, nor tried to, conceal.

"O Charles, how ill you look! How you change! What is the matter?"

"Do I change so much?" he said, and, turning his face towards the pierglass, he contemplated his features with a grave, sad smile.

"Do you not feel changed?" said Amy, who was growing old womanly, strangely, noticeably old.

"Yes, a little woman," answered Ruhl, drawing her to his side and sitting down, breathing a long, weary sigh. "Yes, Amy, I do feel changed. Heaven help me! I seem to care for nothing, to find no pleasure in the world now."

Amy's eyes sank, and a flush stole into her cheeks; a moment later and they were pale as death.

"I feel that I have nothing to live for."

"Nothing, Charles not your ship—which you told me was on the way?"

"The ship, Amy," he said bitterly, "may be lost, for what I care. The storms and tempests of life may wreck me on the dark rock of death. To think it has been done all—all for nothing!"

He dropped his face in his hands and rested his elbows on his knees, and went on almost inaudibly, unintelligibly:

"Yes, all for nothing; scheming, tacking, fighting through one tide of difficulties, carry my boat, and such a vessel! Ah, and she for whom I have sacrificed so much can never share my ——"

And then his unintelligible musings drifted into gloomy, silent thought, and a dark, despairing shadow settled on his brow.

Mrs. Temple entered the room just then. She had a letter in her hand, which she had brought up from the breakfast-room. She gave the letter to Charles; he tore open the envelope, and as he read the few lines therein a hot, hectic flush mounted his pallid cheek. The letter was from the solicitors, trustees of the John Hopetown estates, and he read it aloud:

DEAR SIR: We beg to state that, in compliance with the wishes of our client, we have paid into the London and County Bank to your account the sum of ten thousand pounds, and remain Your obedient servants, etc.

The cry of joy Amy was about to utter was checked, and she gave vent to one of pain and alarm; Charles had only just removed his gloves, and, starting forward, she caught him by the right hand.

"O Charles! poor dear, what have you done?"

His right hand was scarred and seared, as if from dreadful scalds, or still more dreadful burns.

CHAPTER XXII.

Love

Will creep in service where it cannot go.—SHAKESPEARE.

It was as well, perhaps, that none saw how the dark, trouble-laden clouds were gathering in their tempestuous fury to wreck the happiness of Francis Hopetown and Ellen, and work out the gloomy destiny of those so strangely mixed up with their young lives. It is far better, perhaps, that we cannot foresee the coming storm in our uncertain lives. But the clouds were gathering rapidly and ominously, all the more to be dreaded for the lull before the storm.

Never had Ellen been so happy as she was at the handsome villa at Sydenham. It wanted but a short time when Frank would be of age, and he had already spoken gayly of the event—of what he would do then.

"I shall be master of Craythorpe," he said. "We will go down together, Nell. The tenants shall receive their new mistress and myself with a festival. The churchbells shall ring and the villagers rejoice, as they did in the old days—as they would had I been eldest son of their late master just come of age, and then shall commence that life for which I have so much longed—a life of usefulness and activity, and you will help me."

"When I have learned my duties, Frank, dearest. What a splendid thing to be mistress of Craythorpe, with plenty of money to do good with. Oh, I should never tire of trying to help the tenantry in sickness or distress, to try by advice and precept to better their moral being and their homes. It would be a life worth living—a glorious, Heaven-seeking life—with a purpose that would make every hour one of sweet existence."

"So you shall, my pet. I would rather that than spend all our days in a whirl of thoughtlessness and extravagance, which we should certainly do if we made ourselves conspicuous in society. A little of it is well enough, too much is pernicious."

"How glad I am to find that you are not changed, darling Frank, that you still cling to those principles which made me trust you, and then love you as I ever shall, as I hope I may be allowed to for a long, long time to come."

"Heaven willing, my pet," answered Frank, embracing her as fondly as he had done in the days of their first love-dream. "If I am not home to-night you will know, Nell, that important business is detaining me."

"Frank, I so much long to know whether Ned is come home. May I write to Amy and ask an answer to be sent to a post-office at Brixton—or elsewhere?"

"If I cannot bring you tidings of him from those who must know, then, my pet, you shall. Nell, I should not mind your brother knowing all, for I am sure he could be trusted."

"Oh, I am sure he could, Frank, and I am so pleased to hear you speak so kindly of him."

"My dear child, he is your brother."

"And yet you would not favor Amy thus far."

"She is a child, too young to be in the confidence of a sister and hold a secret from a mother. Come, my pet, the day promises to be a fine one; walk to the Crystal Palace with Dyer. Cottell can fetch you at five o'clock. You may see some trifles there—I know you are fond of them—about the place."

"My dear child, he is your brother."

"And yet you would not favor Amy thus far."

"She is a child, too young to be in the confidence of a sister and hold a secret from a mother. Come, my pet, the day promises to be a fine one; walk to the Crystal Palace with Dyer. Cottell can fetch you at five o'clock. You may see some trifles there—I know you are fond of them—about the place."

"Very well, Frank. I am fond of studying faces and characters, and that is not a bad place for such studies. I will go for an hour when I take my walk."

Frank started for the west then. He went on horseback. He kept a stout nag for saddle purposes. There was room for it in the town mews if he wanted to stay, so he found this particular whim no trouble to him.

It is wonderful what trifling incidents bring about great events in our little lives.

Ellen, as the day gave every promise to keep fine, walked as far as the palace, accompanied by her maid Dyer, who was sort of companion too. There is always a charm of attraction in the innumerable sights and curiosities at the Crystal Palace, and she never lacked interest in going there.

The first two hours she spent in the grounds, and then entered the splendid building, lingering at the bazaar stalls, making purchases whenever she came across anything like a novelty in ornaments for house or parson.

At one time she missed Dyer, who, attracted by something more suited to her yearning curiosity, had for the moment failed to follow up her young mistress. Although jealous in the extreme of one another, they showed nothing of it towards the baby. Yet it could not have been denied that there was a trifle of envy that Mrs. Roulstone should have such a beautiful "little witch of a thing," while their own (those who could boast of motherhood) were not more than ordinary mortals—save in their own eyes.

It was an almost fairy-looking child indeed. And the more so from the fact of its having the finest-spun golden hair, while its eyes were of the deepest black, making a unique but lovely contrast to the pink and white complexion. Though not more than three years old, yet it was remarkably forward, intelligent, had many pretty ways, prattled sweetly, and became at once the pet of all, from the high tragic queen to the girls who swept and cleaned the stage. The batchelor manager fondled it, the critics whispering that if the mother was a bushgirl she would soon marry her for the sake of the child! Richard forgot his scowl when he neared it; and certainly, if the babes of Lady Anne had been like it, they would never have been murdered by his direction. Iago lost his sneer when talking to it, and the Gravedigger sang for it. In fact, the baby was the plaything of the entire theatre, and all forgot dignity and employment in amusing it.

"I shall have to get up something on purpose to show off this youngster," said the manager. "There are things enough of the kind, to be sure, but there is always danger connected with them, and I am not going to have my little bauty in peril."

"What makes you take such an uncommon liking to the baby?" questioned the pleased mother.

"Hum! Well, I don't know. Perhaps," he continued gallantly, "it is because it looks so much like its mother; and as I am not permitted to love the one, I have to devote myself entirely to the other."

"Fie! For shame!" and she blushed as she tapped him playfully with her fan.

"No flattery, my dear madam—none in the least. You know how much I admire the character of Damas, which, by the way, I am to play to-night to your Pauline, while some younger rascal will have the pleasure of being Claude. Well, I am as blunt as the old French colonel, perhaps, but equally sincere. However, if you object to it, my dear madam, I will turn all my attention from the Mrs. to the Miss," and he caught the child from her arms and strolled laughing about the stage.

It was the custom for the fond mother to always bring the petted baby to the theatre, as her hotel was at considerable distance, and she feared fires, and every possible thing that could be imagined, as in danger of happening. A nurse was constantly in attendance, and the manager had provided a cradle for it in the greenroom, but it was rarely used. Nurse—in fact, it was guarded by numbers, for there rarely was a moment when some of the company were not loitering there, as there could scarcely be an emergency when all would be required upon the stage at the same time. And even should such be the case, the warm-hearted negress—in whose arms the child could well have been said to be born, and who loved it with a devotion something more than mortal—would watch over and defend it to the last gasp, and give her own life, if necessary, for its safety.

"There, take the youngster," said the manager, as he gayly relinquished little Amy in the arms upon being summoned to duty; "and, mind you, take good care of it, too."

"Nebber you fea'," replied the woman. "Bress its dear' little soul! I'll take jess as good care ob it as if it war my own. Yes, an' better. Dar nebber war sich a child, nebber!"

"There you are right, Dinah, and you shall both have new ribbons for your birthday. But now away with the darling."

"And nurse," added Mrs. Roulstone, "as the day is so pleasant, and as I shall soon be at liberty, you can walk slowly home. I will overtake you."

"And mind that no one steals the baby," put in the manager.

"Steals it?" reiterated the nurse. "Jess let any ob dem white trash look at it, dat's all. Gess dey jess hab to take me along too," and her broad hands were clenched defiantly.

"Whew!" whistled Thompson as he turned away with a loud laugh. "That would be 'heavy business' indeed! I would not like to play the part—don't think one could carry so much ebony very far. Yes, prompter, we are coming. I verily believe that youngster rules the roost here, and not me. Guess I shall have to take my name off the bills entirely. I have often heard of petticoat-rule, pardon!—all over the world, but never heard of its being done by so small a pattern before!"

The rehearsal over, so far as they were concerned, the manager and the actress started from the theatre together, but almost instantly paused, attracted by a painting just erected at the next door, and the old man gave vent to his ideas upon the subject in no measured words.

"Snakes and hobgoblins of all kinds! One of those miserable catch-penny concerns. I wish the devil had the man that first got them up, and that all connected with it had to live with the snakes, sleep with snakes, and feed upon snakes all the rest of their besotted lives. Ugh! And to think of the infernal impudence of their setting up such a shop at the very next door to the theatre."

The actress could not but smile at the outraged feelings of Thompson. But, without noticing it, he went on:

"Did you ever see, my dear madam, such an incarnate devil of a snake as in that picture? Ten miles long, if it is an inch! They ought to be indicted, every mother's son of them."

"Oh, dear, no. I have rather strange notions on this subject, and Ruhl is the particular person to whom I shall not communicate my knowledge of John Hopetown."

"My dear Ned, you perplex me. At present you are to me a book of Euclid. I must let the topic rest for another time. Let us go out now. Where's Dyer?"

"Who's Dyer?"

"Ah, here she is!" answering herself rather than Edward. "Dyer, take this parcel of trifles, and also my sister, Miss Amy; hire one of the cabs outside, and drive home. I shall follow at once with Mr. Temple."

"Yes, ma'am."

"What time did you order my Victoria?"

"Little before five."

"Thanks. Amy, my darling, go with Dyer. I want to speak to Edward alone. I shall follow you at once."

She kissed Amy and handed her over to Dyer, who sailed off, full of marvel at the singular rencontre and admiration for the good looks of Mr. Temple.

Ellen and her brother left the palace by the centre transept, and walked on through the splendid courts and grays. A porter opened the door and she stepped in, beckoning Edward to follow.

"By Jove!" said Edward, when they were dashing down Sydenham hill, "the fellow doesn't stint you, Nell."

"I have all his heart, Ned; his wealth, therefore, is a second consideration, and is lavished upon me."

"He will be of age soon?"

"Very soon."

"Now, old lady, I should like some little explanation, anything that is satisfactory, and I stand your friend and help you."

Ellen sat silent for a few moments, and then began to tell her brother the brief and romantic history of her first love, the obstacle in the way of an open marriage, which he already knew, and of her mother's persistent persecution in Charles Ruhl's favor.

"I am glad you do not have Ruhl, Nell."

"Don't you like him?"

"No."

"He is still at home?"

"Yes; in consideration of past kindness one cannot be uncivil to the fellow. He has lately come into a fortune, and what means rests between Heaven and himself as yet."

"He used to say his ship would come home some day."

"Yes; but there are many ships—pirates' ships, you know. Well, go on."

"Now, Ned, you are not moral strength, and thinks and knows she has not, to fight her own battle, should never blindly trust a man's promises until she has found the man true and deserving trust."

"Which you have? Something like criticism in that."

"My dearest Ned," Ellen glanced down at the green carpet lying beneath her feet and toyed with her parasol, "I asked you for a short time, until we leave here, not to connect me with our discourse. However, I will answer you now. I have found one who could be trusted, whose soul is truth and poetry, whose sentiments are of the age of chivalry."

"If he is anything like John Hopetown he is a good man."

"You have seen Frank's cousin?"

"Yes, in Canada—I met him at Ottawa."

"Not since his arrival?"

"No. I should like to, for I intend to, for we were bosom friends, poor fellow."

"You say that sadly?"

"I feel sad when I remember his heartbroken, dispirited, purposeless life, weary, wifeless, childless, with only one craving, to join the fragile mother and gentle child whose memory he shrines in his heart."

"But I hear quite different accounts of him now. He seems gay, brilliant in speech, dashing and reckless."

"Then," said Edward Temple solemnly, "it is not the John Hopetown I knew. One or the other must be an impostor."

Ellen was surprised.

"What can make you think that?"

"My knowledge of one and the rumors concerning the other."

"But Ruhl could show you him. Let him ask John Hopetown if he remembers you."

"Oh, dear, no. I have rather strange notions on this subject, and Ruhl is the particular person to whom I shall not communicate my knowledge of John Hopetown."

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"Yes; but there are many ships—pirates' ships, you know. Well, go on."

"Now, dear old

CUPID'S FOIBLES, FOLLIES AND FANCIES.

THE CRIME FOR WHICH ULLERY WAS LYNCHED.

The Cincinnati (O.) Enquirer gives the following particulars of the outrage of a nine-year-old girl by a wretch named George Ullery, who was taken from jail by a mob on Jan. 17, and hanged to a tree: Little Nellie Morgan, the poor victim, is the daughter of Mr. J. B. Morgan, an old citizen, and once the most influential, if not the wealthiest, citizen in Urbana. Morgan, however, failed twice in business, owing to dissipation, and is now quite a wreck of his former self, though a fine-looking old man yet. His wife, an accomplished and charming lady, is a native of Lebanon, Ohio, where she was at one time the reigning belle in fashionable circles. Of late years the old man had only obtained such employment as various firms could give whose accounts were in a muddled-up condition and needed methodical arrangement. Thus the whole family, which includes an elder daughter and a grown-up son, have become greatly reduced in circumstances, and would probably find themselves on the brink of starvation but for the efforts of the young man, who is a telegraph-operator at Columbus. A good many merchants owe the old man little sums once in a while for services rendered in the book-keeping line; and he has been in the habit of sending one of the children to collect these debts, allowing them a little pocket-money as percentage. Nellie was always ready to run on such an errand; and when the well-dressed tramp, last Tuesday afternoon, told her that he wanted to give her some money for Mr. J. B. Morgan, she quite naturally believed him. Some little girl-friend had made her a Christmas present a few weeks before, and Nellie kindly thought that, could she collect the money promised by Ullery, her father would allow her a sufficient sum to buy a gift for her playmate. So the scoundrel thus found little difficulty in coaxing the child away from the Public Square itself to the railroad track beyond the city limits, when he ceased to coax and began to threaten her frightfully. The route followed has already been published.

About a mile and a half from the town, on the C., S. and W. Railroad, Ullery stopped at the house of an Irish woman named Bridget Malone, telling the little girl that he wanted to get some matches, and that if she spoke to anybody in the house he would kill her. He obtained the matches, and walked about half a mile farther north, when he turned into the woods, forcing the now thoroughly frightened child along with him. At a dismal, unfrequented hollow, surrounded and hidden by a dense growth of brushwood, he stopped and lit a fire. It is almost certain that his ultimate purpose was to kill Nellie and burn her body. Up to this moment the child had no idea of the wretch's purpose. But having lit the pile of brushwood, dry branches and fallen logs, which were to form his victim's funeral pile, he deliberately commenced to tear her clothes off. His effort to remove her underclothing, however, was not successful, and he asked the child for a knife. Luckily, she had none, for the brute would certainly have used it to mutilate even more horribly than he did, if not to cut her throat as well. He then told her to take her clothes off, if she did not want to be killed at once, and the unfortunate child had no choice but to obey. Soon she became quite unconscious with agony and fear, and remained so until aroused by the voice of a strange man, carrying a gun, who was talking to Ullery. That man was Luke Bryant, a young farmer living about five miles north of Urbana, who was on a shooting excursion. "What in h—l are you doing with that child?" were Bryant's first words. Ullery had heard his footsteps, had dressed the insensate child in a clumsy way, and placed her in a sitting posture, with her back against a log. "I'm taking her to her friends in Springfield," answered the tramp, "and she got so cold I thought I would just light a fire to warm her feet by." This did not altogether satisfy Bryant; but as he never suspected anything worse than kidnapping, and did not see how he could interfere without stronger evidence, he went on muttering. Ullery, by this time almost scared out of his cowardly wits, raised Nellie to her feet and ordered her to come back home with him, adding: "If that man hadn't seen me, you would never have gone home." How the little fainting creature ever got home after the monster left her, a mile from the depot, is a mystery. Her injuries are so frightful that friends of the family fainted when the whole truth was known. The shock the poor mother received so prostrated her that her life was for a time despaired of.

RESCUED FROM A LIFE OF SHAME.—About five weeks ago a man and young woman came to the Gibson House and registered as man and wife, from Chicago. After remaining about a week the man disappeared, when it was discovered that he was not the girl's husband, but her paramour. He had no baggage, but the woman had a large trunk of valuable clothing. Their board-bill remained unpaid after his disappearance, and the lady's trunk was held as security for the bill. In this strait, being left without money, she went to the *maison de joie* of Kate Morton, where she remained two weeks, and then, as she could not pay her "board," she was turned out. She next appealed to the sympathies of Miss Laura Bell, a most lady-like and tender-hearted "landlady," and didn't fail to find a friend in her. She was taken in and kept free of charge for board and lodging. She came to Miss Bell's house two weeks ago last Monday, and remained there till yesterday. Several days ago the police authorities received a dispatch from Chicago making inquiries about a missing girl answering the woman's description, and she was traced by Detective Meade to the aforesaid house. No interference was made by the police, however, until her father arrived yesterday. Detective Meade accompanied the gentleman to Miss Bell's house, and the girl was sent for to come down into the parlors. She came, and her father met her at the door. The meeting between father and daughter was most affecting. The girl was willing to go home, and not only willing, but anxious. Her actions tended to prove her slightly insane. Father and daughter left for their home in Adrian, Mich., yesterday. A prominent attorney of the city, who was at Miss Bell's house when she came there, says the girl told him that she had lived with a liquor-man in Chicago as his mistress previously to coming to Cincinnati with her last paramour. Her name was Ida Duvries. She was twenty-one years of age, stout, and rather unattractive. Her first troubles resulted from a marriage with a man named Palmer, who had a wife and two children living at the time of the marriage.—*Cincinnati (O.) Enquirer*, Jan. 20.

A YOUNG GIRL'S MISFORTUNES.—Last Wednesday afternoon, about 3 o'clock, a man named Haskell, connected with fire-steamer company No. 7, encountered in Tufts street a young girl named Sarah G——, sixteen years of age, who was sitting exhausted in the snow with a very young infant in her arms. She looked sick, forlorn and disheartened, and at once attracted the attention and excited the sympathy of the fireman. Upon addressing her, he found that she was sick and in need of immediate help. He assisted her into a neighboring house, where she was comforted for a short time until further aid could be brought. This came finally in the shape of a policeman, who procured a carriage, and took the poor girl and her babe to the Fourth Police-station. There she was finally attended by Dr. Foley, who found her too sick to be taken to the Chardon-street Home, and, on his advice, she was subsequently removed to the City Hospital, where she died Saturday from exposure while in a feeble condition. It appears from the girl's statement that she had loved and been betrayed, and finally found herself in a painful situation. During the latter period preceding her confinement her father, with whom she lived in Tufts street, had, in an inmate of some one of our public institutions down the bay, and had only recently regained his liberty. On arriving home he learned the situation in which his daughter was placed—being a "mother, not a wife," and was so influenced by the fact that he became enraged and turned to beat her child into the street, where she was found as above related. Since her death her father, we are informed, has been communicated with and informed of her fate. He is reported as having in nowise relented; as having expressed indifference to the fatal result of his expulsion of his child, and as having refused either to see her dead body or to give or have anything to do with her progeny.—*Boston (Mass.) Herald*, Jan. 18.

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AN AGED LOVER'S PROPOSAL IN A CAR.—The passengers on one of the trains from Buffalo to Brocton last week were treated to a love-scene of unusual character. Occupying one of the seats was a fair young maiden from Corry and a gray-headed, benevolent-looking gentleman from Chicago. She was handsome, and not above twenty-two. He was on the shady side of sixty, with flowing white hair and beard, and a pleasant expression on his countenance. He had been in her company from Rochester, and the few hours passed in her society had again awakened the dream of love in his old heart. It was evidently a case of love at first sight on his part. With her 'twas not. But he told his tale. His wife was long since dead; his children had grown up and married, and passed from his home. He was alone in the world. He had wealth at his command, but he longed for some companion to share it with him. This was spoken in a low tone, but sufficiently loud to be heard by those in the seats near him. At last the important moment came. The old gentleman said: "Will you share my fortune with me; will you be my wife?" Then spoke this noble oil maiden: "I cannot. Your riches are nothing to me. If I loved you I would accept; but that I do not, and must therefore refuse your offer." But the old man still pleaded. He asked to be allowed to accompany her to Corry, and see her parents. She declined. His pleadings were continued until the train arrived at Brocton, when she again refused to let him accompany her to Corry. His train arrived, and they must part. He threw his arms about her neck, and kissed her fervently, unmindful of the gazing crowd. Then upon the platform of the car he took off his hat, and with his white hair and beard streaming in the breeze, and tears running down his cheeks, this aged lover blessed the fair maiden, and swore to see her again.—*N. Y. Exchange.*

AN ERRING WOMAN KILLS HERSELF.—An inquest was opened by Coroner McCallin, yesterday morning, on the body of a young woman named Anna Carlon, who died at 189 Robinson street, Allegheny, about 6 A. M., from the effects of a dose of arsenic. The inquest was adjourned until evening, and at the second session the cause of death was fully established. The unfortunate young woman, who was only twenty years of age, had been married some years, but her husband had left her. She had been living with different families in the capacity of a servant until quite lately, but a few weeks ago gave birth to a child, and had entered suit, but afterwards withdrawn it, against a man whom she stated to be the father of the infant. The disgrace of this affair appeared to have weighed upon her mind, and no doubt led to the committal of the fatal act. From the evidence of Fergus Johnson, who was visiting at the house, it appeared that about ten o'clock on Thursday evening she swallowed something from a paper, and called his attention to the fact, saying that she had taken poison. He, however, paid little attention to her, thinking she was joking, and shortly afterwards she retired to rest. About five o'clock on Friday morning she awoke Mrs. Phillips, the person with whom she was staying, and said she felt sick. She became rapidly worse, and a physician was sent for, but before he arrived she was dead. A quantity of arsenic was found in a paper, with the mark of a drug store on Federal street upon it, but no evidence was adduced to show how she became possessed of it. The doctor stated that death was undoubtedly caused by the administration of arsenic, and the jury returned a verdict to that effect. The mother of the deceased, who lives in Kittanning, was telegraphed for, and arrived in the city last night.—*Pittsburg (Pa.) Dispatch*, Jan. 16.

A YOUNG GIRL'S RUIN.—Henry Houghtaling, a young man residing in Jersey City, was arrested Friday night charged with the abduction of Hattie Gates, a little girl of thirteen, residing with her mother and stepfather at No. 152 York street. The stepfather, whose name is William A. Hoffman, appeared yesterday before Justice Keese to prosecute Houghtaling. The girl was sent out Thursday evening about six o'clock to buy some bread, and failed to return. On the next day the police were notified and traced her to the Randolph House, on Pavonia avenue, where she had spent the night with Houghtaling, leaving about nine o'clock in the morning. The accused was placed on the stand, and said he had met Hattie twice, had been encouraged to approach her, and accompanied her home; Thursday evening he met her for a third time on the street accidentally, and she told him that she was going home any more, that her parents treated her badly and had told her so. Houghtaling crossed the Desbrosses-street Ferry to New York, and then recrossed to Jersey City and went to the Randolph House. Houghtaling was held in $500 bail to answer, and the child was delivered to her parents.—*N. Y. World*, Jan. 18.

MARRIAGE IN MICHIGAN.—The Supreme Court of Michigan has lately made a decision concerning marriage which *The Detroit Post* thus summarizes: "It declares that the American doctrine of marriage, indeed the common-law doctrine, makes all marriage contracts valid which are entered into by consent of both parties, and under which the parties continue to live afterwards in the acknowledged relation of husband and wife. The validity does not depend upon the form or ceremony. Indeed, a ceremony may be dispensed with. In the absence of any proof to the contrary, all marriages entered into in any foreign country are to be held valid without reference to the laws or ceremonies prevalent there, unless they can be proved to invalidate the marriage. Hence all marriages are valid, wherever contracted, unless some express law or statute can be cited which explicitly invalidates them."

AN OUTRAGEOUS ASSAULT.—SAYS *The Troy (N. Y.) Budget* of Jan. 18: "On Thursday night a party was given at a residence in Berlin, and among the number who attended was a prepossessing young lady named Mary Bailey. At an early hour she returned alone to her residence, her friends remaining at the gathering, and as she entered the house she was followed by Charles Beckwith, who, perceiving she was alone, made an assault upon her, and, after a desperate struggle, in which the young lady was seriously injured and cut with a knife, succeeded in committing a rape. The dirty brute was arrested, and on Saturday he was taken before Justice Wm. J. Sheldon, when he pleaded guilty, and arrived at the jail on Saturday to await the action of the grand jury. He should be severely punished."

VONSTHICK ATTEMPTS A "SUMMERSET."

"Leep before you look."

DEAR MISTHER CLIPPER VOLKS.—I goes thown du to *turnverein* to unter night, du see some dem poys turn mit de poles ofer, und shump to ghauntle, or someding like dot. Ven I goes in, te poys all say I haf to durn von leetle zumersets fhor dem; putt I toldt dem I vas so triftin pig und phat, I koodn't done noting of dot kint. But dey onaisted unt pegged, und told me all I haf to dhu vas to run, gif a pig shump, and ofer you go, yust like nothin mit a logt oph, and all dat, till I dolt 'em I'd dhry.

"Leep before you loodkt, Von, uf you ton't vant to got proke your neckd," said von leetle Dudtch tevel; und I dolt him I vould, at de zame dime puttin oph my handt tu my pack pehindt his nose.

I puldt oph mine goat und hadt, und walked up mit te sthartin-blace. Den I guff a pig rhun, von shump, und missed te poard apout dwo feet; and, mine grackey! such a phall I don't got phor a blenty oph years.

"You ton't leep pefore you loodkt," said dot youngster aghain.

"Ah! you meesed ter poard dot time, Von; guff um anoder dhrile," said a pig lop-eared Dudtchmant.

Vell, I dolt em I'd dry anooder von. So I waldkt pack mine sthartin pack, und guff anooder rundt. Dis time I lit out te poard on, gif a pig shump, undt dent I loodkt. I loodke up virst; und du my very ghret ostonishment, the roof vas coming town! I vas apout to laff; I vas sailin so pooty, ven all at vonce te ground rase up, und ouch! vat a collishen did Rome. I'd nort got mine head, I had come tegedher, leafen me in te middle, vare I vas kilt.

Martinsville, Ind., Jan. 14, '75. VONSTHICK.

The Fray of Suport.

The present generation cannot possibly conceive the terrible animosity that for ages existed between the Highlander of Scotland and his Southron neighbor. We find the most terse and vigorous article on this subject in Macauley's History of England, showing the latter period preceding her confinement her father, with whom she lived in Tufts street, had, on an inmate of some one of our public institutions down the bay, and had only recently regained his liberty. On arriving home he learned the situation in which his daughter was placed—being a "mother, not a wife," and was so influenced by the fact that he became enraged and turned to beat her child into the street, where she was found as above related. Since her death her father, we are informed, has been communicated with and informed of her fate. He is reported as having in nowise relented; as having expressed indifference to the fatal result of his expulsion of his child, and as having refused either to see her dead body or to give or have anything to do with her progeny.—*Boston (Mass.) Herald*, Jan. 18.

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BASEBALL.

THE PROFESSIONAL SEASON OF 1874.
TENTH ARTICLE.
Baseplay and Basemen.

Last season an element of weakness, in a majority of nines, prevailed in the form of "chin-music" and ill-natured "chaffing," in which baseplayers pretty generally took part. Joking is all very well in its way when it is indulged in good-naturedly, but when the so-called jokes are characterized by sarcastic allusions to a companion's weaknesses, or by irritating comments on your adversary's style of play, it becomes an evil which club-managers should suppress. In some nines of the professional arena of 1874 one baseplayer would not speak to another, while a third would comment ill-naturedly on every play made, good, bad, or indifferent. Indeed, a spirit of fault-finding prevailed more or less in every nine, and it had a very damaging effect on the general play of the nine in which it was permitted. While we would not care to see a nine play like a party of men devoid of speech, there is a value in the rule of silence as far as "chaffing" or "chin-music," as it is called, is concerned, which should make it very generally inforced in the professional arena. Where too much talk is permitted there is sure to be bad play. Every player in a professional nine, and especially baseplayers, should play his game *quietly*, to play it up to the best mark. The game needs all a man's wits in full force, and any talk, and especially anything in the way of fault-finding or ill-natured criticism, so bothers a player as to frequently lead him into errors of play he would not otherwise have committed. One of the hardest workers and most effective players of the Athletic Club (Anson) weakens his play and that of his companions by his habit of indulging in "chin-music" and fault-finding to an extent he little dreams of. In the Mutual nine this ill-natured talk largely prevailed, as it also did in the Baltimore and Chicago nines, as well as in the Philadelphia. In the Baltimore nine at one time scarcely a man could speak in a friendly way to any other, and all this originally came from the detestable habit of "chaffing"—that is, teasing one another about their errors or mistakes of play. This has always been a weak spot in some nines, and it has grown to be a rule, and a point of play to make, to "get a nine growling together and you're sure to win."

"Silence on the field" should be a standard rule of professional clubs, specially applicable to the class of players prone to indulge in ill-natured remarks on the play of their companions or adversaries. Just so long as this "chaffing" or "chin-music" is permitted in a match, just so long will the nine fail to play up to the mark they could otherwise reach. We now come to the

THIRD-BASEMAN

of last season. Take his play throughout the season, and regarding his average of errors, then Burdock of the Mutuals will be entitled to first place as the third-baseman of 1874. He is naturally a first-class ball-player, and especially did he excel at third base in the Mutual nine. Indeed, but for his fine play in the position, they never would have attained to the position they did in the race for the pennant of 1875. Burdock is always in earnest. He goes in to win all the time, and he is up to all the points. In fact, he was the man who should have captained the Mutual nine last season, as he was far better posted than any of the others. He is always wide-awake in his play, watches the batsman closely, fields accordingly, and is well versed in strategy. Captain Rob Ferguson exhibited some of the finest third-base play of the season. His pick-ups of hot-ground-hers surpassed anything ever seen. While his throwing is quick and quick, with throwing it first were up to the highest mark. Ferguson, however, has a quick temper, generally pretty well under control; but at times he gets his "mad up," and then of course commits errors. These two players and Sutton of the Athletics bore off the palm in the position last season. Of the latter's fine play a swift and accurate throwing to first base, in which he cannot well be surpassed. All three are fully reliable, Sutton being the least addicted to "chin-music." In fact, he is noted for his quiet deportment. Burdock was the acting captain of the Mutuals, judging by his style of "bossing the crowd," while Rob could not play unless he heard his favorite "Hitch 'em, Rob!" or "Have a care, boys!" was as familiar as Dick Pierce's old call of "Look well!" or the Atlantic cry of "Now we're off!" If they did talk, they played; and if they "chinned" it too much, the consequent errors of play were their punishment. They are both in the same league this season, and they have agreed to do a little less talking in the field, or there will surely be a row. Fergy is "boss" now, and he alone will have the right to talk on the field. In all other respects they are model players, especially at third base.

One of the most gentlemanly and intelligent of the baseplayers of 1874 was Warren White of the Baltimore team. The Chicago Club acted wisely in securing his services for a position they have never yet had properly played for them. White made some fine play at third base last season, he playing a strong game. Fulmer played the position exceedingly well for the Philadelphias last year. He is a thoroughly reliable player and a hard worker—a good man to have in a nine. Schafer did faithful service at third base for the Boston nine, and Force for the Chicago. Force's place, however, is at short stop. Boyd and Meyerle were both out of position at third base. They are outfielders.

CONFIDENCE CLUB OF NEW ROCHELLE, N. Y.

This club played twenty-four games during the season of 1874, twenty of which they won. Their record is given below:

VICTORIES.

May 15,	Confidence vs. Field, at New Rochelle	15 to 9
May 22,	Confidence vs. Alert of N. Y., at N. R.	12 5
May 30,	Confidence vs. Star of N. Y., at N. R.	22 2
June 2,	Confidence vs. Howard of Davids Island, at New Rochelle	14 12
June 11,	Confidence vs. Union of Westchester, at N. Y.	12 12
June 15,	Confidence vs. Oriental, Mamaroneck	18 14
July 4,	Confidence vs. Howard, Davids Island, N. Y.	7 5
July 16,	Confidence vs. Staten Island, Staten Island	8 4
July 21,	Confidence vs. Americus, Greenwich, Ct.	11 5
Aug. 15,	Confidence vs. Olympic, Manhattanville	13 11
Aug. 29,	Confidence vs. Startle, Glen Cove, L. I. at New Rochelle	23 11
Sept. 4,	Confidence vs. Extra, New Rochelle	4 0
Sept. 15,	Confidence vs. Athlete, New York City	9 0
Sept. 26,	Confidence vs. Howard, Davids Island, N. Y.	16 3
Oct. 10,	Confidence vs. Extra, New Rochelle	12 4
Oct. 14,	Confidence vs. Picked Nine of N. R.	14 3
Oct. 16,	Confidence vs. Pleasantville, at N. R.	9 0
Oct. 22,	Confidence vs. Liberty, N. Y., at N. R.	10 6
Nov. 5,	Confidence vs. Excelsior, Long Island, at New Rochelle	13 7
Nov. 26,	Confidence vs. Second Nine, at N. R.	6 0
Totals		253 113

DEFEATS.

Aug. 6,	Confidence vs. Flyaway, Union Grounds, Brooklyn	10 to 14
Aug. 19,	Confidence vs. T. B. F. U. S., at Bridgeport, Ct.	4 16
Sept. 9,	Confidence vs. Olympic, at Manhattanville	10 11
Oct. 6,	Confidence vs. Newark, at Newark, N. J.	8 11
Totals		32 58

The batting averages of the clubs are appended:

	G'ms. P'y'd.	*R.*	*1st B. B.*	*A. R. A.*	*A. B. H.*
Dillon, 1st b	24	37	40	1.13	1.16
R. Hanna, l f and p	21	25	21	1.4	1.0
O'Rourke, p	26	26	20	1.10	1.4
T. Cashin, 3d b	16	16	17	1.0	1.1
T. Hanna, c f	23	23	18	1.7	1.2
Kessler, 2d b	24	27	38	1.09	2.3
Hynes, 2d b	13	15	15	1.3	1.5
Sheylin, s s	10	14	13	1.4	1.3
Powers, r f	9	12	10	1.3	1.1
Dwyer, c	9	12	15	2.1	1.6
Wendling, r f	8	8	9	1.0	1.1
Brady, r f	7	7	6	1.0	0.6
Larkin, c	8	8	9	1.3	1.4
Dooley, 2d b	5	10	8	2.0	1.3
Emmett, c f	5	5	4	1.0	0.4
Dwyer, 3d b	5	8	8	1.0	1.3
E. Cashin, l f	6	10	8	1.4	1.2
Totals	161 714	170	2.23	477	271 4.59 1.57

YALE COLLEGE CLUB.

The most brilliant season known in the annals of the college clubs was that of 1874, and it was marked by the success of the Yale College Club in winning championship honors not only from the Princeton Club, which they won the whip in 1873, but from their old adversaries the Harvards, who for years had held sway as the leading college club of the country. There is no questioning the fact that the college nines benefitted considerably last season by their practice with professionals, some of their games equaling the displays of their professional adversaries. The coming season will see the leading college nines striving more than ever for supremacy; and, if the clubs will only send delegates to the Boston Convention next March, and obtain a good code of playing-rules, they will show even better play in 1875 than before. Through the attentions of Mr. W. S. Kinny we are enabled to present the record and averages of the champion nine of the college clubs for 1874, which was the Yale nine of 1874:

April 18,	Yale vs. Hartford, at Hartford	2 to 12
May 2,	Yale vs. Hartford, at New Haven	6 0
May 9,	Yale vs. Flyaway, at New Haven	15 5
May 27,	Yale vs. Atlantic, at New Haven	3 8
May 30,	Yale vs. Nameless, at New Haven	19 6
June 5,	Yale vs. Knickerbocker, at New Haven	9 5
June 10,	Yale vs. Atlantic, at New Haven	12 15
June 12,	Yale vs. Hartford, at Hartford	8 17
June 23,	Yale vs. Stevens, at Stevens Point	13 4
June 29,	Yale vs. Princeton, at Hartford	16 7
June 30,	Yale vs. Hartford, at Hartford	0 7
July 1,	Yale vs. Hartford, at Hartford	5 0
July 2,	Yale vs. Baltimore, at Baltimore	4 15
July 4,	Yale vs. Baltimore, at Baltimore	16 7
July 5,	Yale vs. Baltimore, at Baltimore	9 2

DEFEATS.

Active vs. Black Rock	26	42
Active vs. Black Rock	16	17

The following is the nine for 1875: Mulhall, p.; Wilkinson, c.; Manning, 1st b.; Chapin, 2d b.; Simmons, 3d b.; Shire, s. s.; Webster, l. f.; Seymour, c. f.; Swain, r. f.

THE RELIANCE BASEBALL ASSOCIATION.

The Reliance Association of Brooklyn was organized in July, 1872, with Mr. H. G. Brooks as its first president, and their play that season did not amount to much. The only regular match played during 1872 was in September with the Osceola, then a crack club of Staten Island, whom they defeated by a score of 33 to 28. During the season of 1873 the Reliance played in 16 first-nine matches, of which they won 10 and lost 6, they being defeated by the N. T. B. F. U. S. Club of Bridgeport twice. The total score made by Reliance in the above matches was 304 runs to their opponents' 242 runs. At the commencement of the season of 1874 the Reliance Club had great trouble in getting a nine of their members together, it being impossible for them to leave their business, and on July 34, the day they played the N. Y. Keystones, the majority of the players were of the second nine. At a meeting held August 5 the playing nine was thoroughly reorganized, their record since then being most satisfactory. We believe this is the only amateur club in New York State that has won a series from the so-called champion Chelseas of Brooklyn during 1874. Messrs. Powell, Dover, Roseman and Swandell led the score at the bat. In 1875 the Reliance Club will play about the same nine as last season, with the exception of Mr. Roseman, who has signed papers with the Atlantic Club of Brooklyn. The following is their record for 1874:

July 16,	Reliance vs. Picked Nine of Brooklyn, Brooklyn	42	to 6
July 22,	Reliance vs. Second Nine of Brooklyn, Brooklyn	35	31
July 24,	Reliance vs. Keystone of New York, Brooklyn	10	63
July 28,	Reliance vs. Ridgewood of Brooklyn, Brooklyn	58	7
July 30,	Reliance vs. Idlewild of Brooklyn, Brooklyn	29	19
Aug. 3,	Reliance vs. Athletic of New York, Brooklyn	4	35
Aug. 17,	Reliance vs. Alpha of Newark, Newark	16	11
Aug. 19,	Reliance vs. Picked Nine of Brooklyn, Brooklyn	42	7
Aug. 25,	Reliance vs. Produce Exchange of N. Y., Brooklyn	31	5
Aug. 27,	Reliance vs. Stars of Newark, Newark	14	23
Aug. 31,	Reliance vs. Idlewild of Brooklyn, Brooklyn	28	14
Sept. 2,	Reliance vs. Arlington of N. Y., B'klyn.	15	14
Sept. 8,	Reliance vs. Aldine of Brooklyn, B'klyn.	35	5
Sept. 10,	Reliance vs. T. B. F. U. S. of Bridgeport, Bridgeport	20	13
Sept. 25,	Reliance vs. Crystal of Brooklyn, B'klyn.	14	9
Sept. 26,	Reliance vs. Newark at Newark, Newark	14	12
Sept. 28,	Reliance vs. Chelsea of Brooklyn, B'klyn.	13	5
Sept. 30,	Reliance vs. Arlington of N. Y., B'klyn.	14	9
Oct. 6,	Reliance vs. Athletic of N. Y., B'klyn.	23	7
Oct. 9,	Reliance vs. Picked Ten of Brooklyn, Brooklyn	16	7
Oct. 21,	Reliance vs. Newark of Newark, B'klyn.	8	7
Oct. 27,	Reliance vs. Staten Island of S. I., B'klyn.	10	5
Oct. 29,	Reliance vs. Jasper of Manhattan College, Manhattanville	11	5
Nov. 3,	Reliance vs. Staten Island, of S. I., B'klyn.	1	4
Nov. 7,	Reliance vs. Chelsea of Brooklyn, B'klyn.	10	5
Nov. 12,	Reliance vs. Picked Nine, benefit of Mr. C. Hodes	24	8
Totals		524	332

The summary of their record is as follows: Number of games played, 27; number of games won by Reliance, 22; number of games lost by Reliance, 5; total runs made by Reliance, 524; total runs made by opponents, 332.

THE LOUISVILLE OLYMPICS.—A correspondent writes as follows from Louisville, Ky.: "The players in the Olympic Baseball Club of this city are anxious to become known to the Eastern public before the latter decide upon their Spring and Summer tours West. The new Olympic Park will be open for the first time about April 1. It is convenient, pretty and well kept. The nine is of a make-up reflecting credit upon the directors, and the boys are bent upon worrying St. Louis, and the West, the coming season. The Secretary's address is: Gilbert Burnett, 22 College street, Louisville, Ky."

THE ARGYLE CLUB.—This New York amateur club will present the following team of players for 1875: John Hatfield, captain, third-baseman, and change-pitcher, assisted by Purcell and Isherwood of the Arlingtons; Fife of the Grammercy, Finn of the Olympic, Phelps of the Mutual, and Christy and the brothers Gallagher of the Argyle. Booth will play left field for the Mutuals in John's place.

THE TURF.

THE SLEIGHING CARNIVAL ON HARLEM LANE.

For some years past New York has not enjoyed a brighter and more exciting carnival of sleighing sport than she did during the earlier part of last week. The broad avenues leading to the Central Park, along Harlem lane, and beyond from McComb's Dam to Kingsbridge, have been made musical with silver-toned bells; an endless succession of sleighs of every kind, size and shape, from the light, graceful single-horse cutter to the dashing four or six-in-hand team, laden with beauty and fashion, sweeping along the roads from morning to near midnight. Harlem lane had been early scraped and rolled by the attentive roadmaster, Ed. Gilmore, and the deep snow, white as white as driven over the surface of the snow, their display of speed creating intense excitement among the groups of turfmen gathered together on the balconies of the numerous hostelries along the road. It was truly a delightful spectacle to sit and watch the magnates of the trotting turf, the merchant princes of the Empire City, sweep along behind flyers whose reputation for speed extends throughout every State of the Union, and whose monetary value is difficult of calculation. That tall, erect figure behind the team now rushing recklessly past at a terrific gait is Commodore Vanderbilt, driving his favorite Mountain Maid; and Harry Hurley, and, although his hair is whitened by the frosts of over seventy Winters, his enjoyment of the exhilar

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Movements, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical and Minstrel Professions.

CLIPPER POST-OFFICE.

☞ A STAMPED ENVELOPE, plainly addressed, must be inclosed for each and every letter, and the line of business followed by the party addressed should be given, in order to prevent mistakes.

Letters received for week ending 5 P.M., MONDAY, Jan. 25.

LADIES' LIST.

Arlington, Ella (vocalist)
Angel, Lottie
Armstrong, Carrie
Austin, Mrs. Nat
Bartholomew, Mrs. W. H.
Bidwell, Mrs. Dollie
Beverly, Mrs. Maude
Blanca, Tillie
Brenna, Mrs. R. A.
Bowers, Maggie (vocalist)
Burton, Maude (vocalist)
Cooper, Nina
Carleton, Erzana
Campbell, Lizzie
Cleveland, Nellie
Christie, Miss Frank
Campbell, Ida.
Ciancey, Ellen
Costello, Evaggyn
Clarke, Nellie (clubbiz)
Delmay, Lulu
Dare, Leona (gymnast)
De Lisle, Maude
Denin, Susan (actress)
Davenport, Maude
Drayton, Alice
Elms, Sophie (vocalist)
Fitzpatrick, Mrs.
Forepaugh, Adam
Fisher, Chas. (actor)
Ferry, Ricardo
Franklin & Devere
France, "Sadie"
Franch, Signa.
French, Francois (French wrestler)
Fox, Joe E.
Frost, Hyatt (3) 3c.
Fox, Prof. (bird imitator)
Flake, W. H.
Faustine, Mons.
Flake, Jas.
Flemming, W. J.
Fernan, Ed.
Florence, Geo. Wasbing.
Fidello, Victor
French, Jr., S.
Fox, G. L.
Frost, H.
Forbes, Chas. (manager)
Fostelle, Chas.
Fullgraff, Otto
Fredericks, W.
Fritz, E. A.
Gulick, Joe A.
Griste, Chas. B.
Granger, Budd
Gay, Chas. (dramatist)
Gillespie, J. H.
Gilbert, Harry
Gerry, Dan S. (2)
Gourlay, Carter (5)
Green, Dan
Good, W.
Gourlay, W.
Goulding, Jno.
Griffiths, Edwin S.
Glassford, Walter (2) 40c.
Gourlay's, The
Gardner, Harry
Goodall, Julian N.
Good, Prof. A. D.
Herman, Prof.
Hurdle, Harry
Heywood, W. (of Heywood Bros.)
Herbert & Mallie
Hirschfield, H.
Hugo, Will
Hicks, Georgia
Hamilton, Sergt. W. H. L.
Harper & Stansell
Hudson, J. M.
Homan, Geo.
Hoyt's Ald (musician)
Hewett, Frank
Hamilton, Harley
Healy, D. J. E.
Haight, Jacob (of Gt. East. Cir.)
Hicks, Chas. H.
Hall, "Bob" (stage manager)
Henry, Hi
Holcombe, Chas.
Hart, Paul
Hewood, Jas. (with Hemfrom)
Rosenbaum, E.
Rowland, Jas.
Rienacre, Chas. (with Livingston Bros.)
Reynolds, Geo.
Ross, Willie
Sutton, Harry (2) 3c.
Springer, A. J.
Smith, H. (of Heywood's Co.)
Sefton, Harry (dancing spider)
Stultz, J. Geo.
Stevens, R. E.
Smith, D. H.
Stewart, Andy (juggler)
Storgen, Jas. Chas. (circus "biz")
St. Lawrence, W. J.
Simmons, Elias
Stowe, John
Swinburne, Jno. (2)
Stapt, Chas.
Short, Dave (2)
Stetson, Harry R.
Spindler, G. (of Sherry's Co.)
Staab, Franz (musician)
Sabey, L. A.
Sepel, Harry
St. Felix Ballet Troupe
Scott, A. R.
Spaugh, W. H.
Sanford, Saml. S.
Stanwood, F. (of "Bill" show)
Simpson, Chas. (candy "biz")
Smith, Norman B.
Sterling, F. (musician)
Sydney, Vernon
Sowers, Ed.
Sands, Geo. E.
Speck, W. J.
Simmons, H.
Shields, Geo. T.
Spence, J. W.
Stutts, J. G.
Spencer, Chas. M.
Scott & Bryant
Simpson, W. J.
Steele, Geo. K.
Savage, M. H.
Stevens, J. Ogden
Sacket, J. W.
Morris Stallbaum, C. (leader)
Short, Dan
Steitz, Mr. (leader)
Sillman, Dell
Stowell, E. H
Stone, Den
Salisbury, Newton W.
Saunders, Chas. (with Buckley)
Seibert, Aaron E.
Steere, L. M. W. (2)
Sully, Wm.
Stanley, E.
Tyler, Geo. H.
Thorpe, Hoyt, Baby (2)
Taylor, Jas. (comique)
Turner, Jno. (of Turner & French)
Thompson, Chas. J.
Woods, Geo. W.
Ware, Geo. Jno.
Warner & Webb
Webb, Jno. H.
Ward, J. M. (comed.)
Wallace, Jos. C.
Whiley, Lem H.
Wilson, Jno. F.
Wilmotte, C. W.
Wallack, of Wallack's Comb.
Ward, W. H. (with Dup. & Ben.)
Wells, Flirt (songand-dance)
Washburn, Leon
Weaver, Ada
Wimsett, Thos.
Warden, Ed. Adams (2)
Western, Dick (comed.)
Williams, Geo. A.
Whittoney Leon
Williams, J. (late of Pleat. Comq. N. Y.)
Whitoney, Leon
Young, Chas. (vocalist)
Zera, Prof. (magician)
Zebolie, Geo. (circus "biz") (2)

Murray, Mrs. Geo. W.
Moore, Mrs. M. M.
Mitchell, Maggie
Montague, Fannie S.
Norman, Ethel
Newall, Sarah E.
Otto, Mrs. Rohardine
Paul, Mrs. Addie
Putnam, Katie
Rainford, Lottie
Rainford, Minnie
Rainford, Alice
Swinburne, Marie
Snow, Emma
Schoit, Angie (2)
Stickney, Virginia
Sullivan, Mrs. C.
Gaskin
Scarser, Adelaide
Swinburne, Miss (2) 16c.
Saterley, Jennie
Turnour, Jennie (3)
Ventini, Mrs. Zelia
Victoria, Mlle. (trapezeist)
Wilson, Julia
Willet, Maggie
Wood, Annie
Woodfield, Mrs. W. H.
Wesner, Emma
Wallace, Dellia
Wilson, Miss Fe
Zavestowski, Mrs.
Emoline

GENTLEMEN'S LIST.

Ames, Ned
Ames, Emile, Dutch "biz"
Allen, Warren (Fakir of Am.)
Archer, John
Ashton, Jno. L.
Adams, Edward
Aldine, Eugene
Ahl, Sam (candy butcher)
Armstrong, A. A.
Ames, E. (with McEvoy
Allen, Johnny
Adams, Geo.
Atwood, Capt. J. B.
Barry, Johnny
Barrington or Bannington
Brooks, Ellis 50c.
Bartley, J. H.
Black, Francois R.
Brown, Ben. (with Cal Wagner)
Byron, Lloyd
Bird, C. (with Cal Wagner)
Baker, Prof.
Baker, Chas. J. (2)
Bent, Horace W.
Buckley's Hipp, Managers
Basye, Chas. V.
Booker, Jno. (minstrel)
Baker, Pete
Barnum, P. T. (2)
Brown, J. B.
Burton, Frank
Boice, Chas. E.
Beard, J. W.
Bush, Irwin T.
Barlow, Billy
Baker, F. F.
Barnes, Lucien
Banks, Sergt. (drill list)
Brent, Wm. H.
Brown, E. B.
Bonner, L. (mocking bird)
Campbell, Ned
Crawford, J. W.
Courtright, W.
Chester, H. (2)
Callender's Minstrels
Chase, Col. Joe
Cassell, Master Tommy
Caksim, Mr.
Cameron, Prof. "Bob" (banjoist)
Callender, Chas.
Clifham, Geo. (circus "biz")
Chappelle, W. J.
Carr, Ed. (of Gt. East. Cir.)
Crew, Gilb. (vocalist)
Cameron & Keeler
Carlton, A. R.
Crane, W. C.
Cameron, Jas.
Cash, J. C. (of Gt. East. Cir.)
Casey, Master
Coleman, D. W.
Ciprico, Geo. A. (2)
Columbus, Sig.
Castillon, Sig. (musician)
Chace, Wm.
Carner, J. Edward
Clarke, J. Stuart
Cody, W. F. (Buffalo Bill)
Chaplin, Geo. D.
Converse, Frank B.
Cincinnatus, Mr. (circus "biz")
Clarke, Kit
Davis, Jerome (with Washburn)
Demitt, Wm.
Diefenbach, P.
Danneman, F.
Delano, "Jeff"
Dunbar, H. (3)
Day, Chas. H.
Delehanty & Heagher
Durand, Louis
D'Ormer, Mons. (sword "biz") 3c.
Drew, Isaac N.
De Haven, Geo. W.
De Vivo, M. (of De Murska Co.)
Dorson, Thos. (of Chicago Show)
Dobson, Billy
Davis, R. (of Healy's Hippo.)
Dodge, Ben (5c.)
Drance, Chas. (of Niles & Evans)
Emmet, J. K.
Ellis, J. H. (of Washburn's Co.)
Fitzpatrick, Dan. P.
Forepaugh, Adam
Fisher, Chas. (actor)
Ferry, Ricardo
Franklin & Devere
France, "Sadie"
Franch, Signa.
French, Francois (French wrestler)
Fox, Joe E.
Frost, Hyatt (3) 3c.
Fox, Prof. (bird imitator)
Flake, W. H.
Faustine, Mons.
Flake, Jas.
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Florence, Geo. Washing.
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Fostelle, Chas.
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Griste, Chas. B.
Granger, Budd
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Gilbert, Harry
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Wimsett, Thos.
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Western, Dick (comed.)
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Whittoney Leon
Williams, J. (late of Pleat. Comq. N. Y.)
Whitoney, Leon
Young, Chas. (vocalist)
Zera, Prof. (magician)
Zebolie, Geo. (circus "biz") (2)

Purdy, S. S.
Phillips, Harry (of Wallack's Com. Co.)
Pullman Bros.
Paddock, H. T.
Parkes & Davis
Patt, C. A.
Phillips, W. F. (manager)
Parker, R. G.
Palmer, C. W.
Pease, Harry
"Peoria"
Parmalee, H. E.
Panny Family Bell-ringers, Manag.
Rupert, Edwin
Rickards, Geo. (comed.)
"R. C." (2)
Rubini, P. (3)
Rowland, Jas. (gymnast)
Reynolds & Barney
Rosario, Geo.
Russell, Siddie
Robinson, C. "Yankee" (3)
Ray, Frank (agent) (2) 6c.
Rosario's & Mlle. Alice
Robinson, Alex.
Russell, Sol. S. 6c.
Reed, Billy (out of Wright's Co.)
Revall, Mons.
Riley, Jacob
Rogers, Nat (of Shay's Co.)
Reuben, Ludwig
Ryan, Sam'l.
Rickards, Geo.
Robinson, Max
Rentfrom, A. N.
Rosenbaum, E.
Rowland, Jas.
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Williams, J. (late of Pleat. Comq. N. Y.)
Whitoney, Leon
Young, Chas. (vocalist)
Zera, Prof. (magician)
Zebolie, Geo. (circus "biz") (2)

INTRODUCTORY OVERTURE.

MONDAY, Jan. 25, '75.

What with sleighing, and skating, and freezing, and thawing, and raining, and snowing, the weather of the past week must have been quite acceptable to our varied tastes and desires, and "Old Probability" came in for special thanks and congratulations for his exhibition of versatility in the line of general utility, combined with ground and lofty tumbling; in which latter display the tumblers were made to do duty at the bar and in the common walks of life. During a greater portion of the week the cold was so intense as to make common white people look blue, and our uncommon Conptroller Green. One cold day—*bitter* cold, as the ladies say—while we were leisurely walking down on "the sunny side of Broadway," and the street was alive with sleighs and the jingling and the tingling of bells and belles, we met a man. On the face of that man were concentrated and stamped the many component parts of a first-class funeral-undertaker, mourners, hearse, and gravedigger. He was a theatrical manager, and we accosted him in this wise [our memory not being so treuthful and tenacious as that of Brother Moulton, we give the dialogue as we remember it.—ED. CLIP.]: "How are you, George? Splendid weather, isn't it?" "How did I——— It's *damnable!*" Why, the sun shines brightly, and all nature seems gay." "Yes; but you see those sleighs, don't you?" "Yes, full of life and jollity, despite the hard times. Why, it looks like old times." "Those sleighs that you seem to admire so much are slaying the life of me and all connected with them. You observe that party? But for this infernal sleighing, that party would have been in attendance at my theatre tonight. As it is, stablemen and out-of-town barrooms will get their money." "Well, but the opportunity for sleighing is seldom offered, and we certainly cannot blame the people for enjoying the fun when it offers." "I am opposed to it, on principle." "And interest?" "As you please. I look upon snow as a public nuisance. Two hundred people in the house last night—audience not much bigger than the company. The Legislature of this State should, as a measure of protection, pass a law forbidding indulgence in sleighing within fifty miles of New York, under heavy penalty." "But, my dear old friend, are there no other interests to be looked after but those of the manager? Have the people no rights?" "Rights be ——! and sleighing be ——!" "It is dreadful to find you in this mood to-day. When first I saw you I imagined you were going to a funeral." "Well, I'm on my way to attend the Beecher trial—it's pretty near the same thing." "*Au revoir!*" "So long." Musing as we tided along, we came in contact with old Jimmy Gambol the stable-keeper. He was the picture of happiness and contentment. His face was lighted up like a mass meeting with fireworks attachment. "Hello, Jim," says he, "how's things?" "Lovely, Jimmy, isn't this grand?" "Grand isn't no word for it. I haint seen no such times since the big omnibus sleighs used to promenade up and down Broadway. It's perfectly beautiful." "It is lively, that's a fact." "Every blessed horse out last night, and hundreds turned away. Talk about hard times! I don't see any of 'em;" and Jimmy gambols away as if he was going to a marriage-feast, and he was the man that gave the party. So it goes—what suits one man, upsets another; what is poundcake to this one, is ryetommy to that. But the close of the week closed the sports of the snow, and the streets ran rivulets of water.....This week we are to have the Kellogg English-opera Troupe at the Academy, and, though you may hear and see "Castles in the air," you'll not hear and see "Castles in the Pyrenees" in this city. Many years ago one of the "Council of Ten," wants to know whether a *natural super*, materialized, could be turned into a *supernatural?*.....Billy Florence was the attraction at the Arch-street Theatre, Philadelphia, last week, and the attendance was quite fair, notwithstanding, owing to the snowstorms, there was "no thoroughfare" there. This reminds us that they have an actor in that house who *plays the devil* whenever opportunities offers. No wonder that they call him the *Arch-fiend!*.....It is not true that Lester Wallack is to play Pantaloon with the "Humpty Dumpty" Troupe, in place of C. K. Fox, recently deceased. Neither can we trace to any solid foundation the rumor that Dion Boucicault contemplates starting a *sub*-house of his own. More lies clinched.....Another thing we have noticed, and that is, that although Colonel Sellers made strenuous efforts to do away with bolled chicken and use instead nips as a substitute, his good intentions have been rendered futile, owing to the obstinacy and exravagance of a gormandizing public.....Manager Daly of the Fifth-avenue Theatre is a bold man, to say the least. He has tried almost everything in the theatrical line, and now he proposes to tackle "Our Mother-in-law. Isn't that dangerous game to play? Has he weighed the consequences of such an undertaking? More courageous men than Mr. Daly have been wiped out for attempting to interfere in the mother-in-law business. Why, on the east side of town mothers-in-law are held in the highest esteem, as something too holy, too sacred to be touched otherwise than in the most tender manner possible. Men cry for her over there, and women envy her. Tony Pastor is so wrapped up in her that he devotes Friday night for her especial benefit, and she assembles there in great numbers, on that evening, to show her love and respect for the worthy Antediluvian. There and then you may see her in every variety, from the incipient and freshly-blown to the ripe and matured. The hundreds of her look upon Tony as their respective son-in-law. Manager Daly must conciliate her, give a charity benefit for her numerous offspring, and then sail in. How to answer, will not answer, nor will unseemly prejudice be tolerated. Come out!.....Miss Ada Gray recently won a pair of gloves at a Southern horse-trot, and now she is charged with being an *aider and a-bettor* of the race.....A person of a hostile character, one night last week sought admission to the stage of the Theatre Comique to "see a chap who had been licked by him," and otherwise misrepresenting him. He seemed deeply hurt and wounded in his feelings, judging by his black eyes and flushed countenance. The lynx-eyed Cerberus said [which is among the uncongenial party persisted in his demand, and made threats of a very disagreeable nature. The Cerberus person, with law and justice on his side, chided him for his unseemly conduct; but this only served the more to exasperate the dark-eyed one, who, in a moment of paroxysmal emotion, proceeded to do the other grievous bodily injury by illegal and unholy means; but the lynx-eyed gentleman gently parried the well-intentioned Paixhan, and went down to avoid. Thereupon the party of the first part exhibited disappointment and chagrin at the ill-success of his delivery, and, planting his phenomenal foot on the first convenient spot, he did then and there essay to maltreat the self-constituted guardian by inflicting divers thrusts and varied kicks at the anatomy lying before him. Beholding the cruel intentions of the hostile one, Cerberus got on to his beam-ends, as it might be, and when the party came to kick out of him," as he piously sought to kick out of him," as he piously sought to kick out of him," as he piously came to earth with the proverbial thud; whereupon the victorious warrior, in a voice of Herculean proportions, called lustily for the police, and made many ineffectual efforts to show that he was holding sweet converse with a youthful ballet girl, he left the dear one and swooped upon the cause of all this disturbance of the public peace, and induced another to bounce him off to the station-house. On coming to his senses, next morning, and on being questioned as to his vicious intent and preponderities, he said, bad man said he merely wanted to crack the watchman's nut: *not* in order to get at the *Kernell*. [This whole thing is a base fabrication, gotten up with the idea of showing how quarrelsome some people are under certain circumstances, and how such a thing *might* happen at any moment. The *Kernell* he wanted to get at is Harry, a well-known performer at the Comique. We may be censured for this false lie, but we have many precedents for the course we have pursened. Vide Statesman Schumacker in his innocent forgetfulness of having received three hundred thousand dollars in *re* the Pacific subsidy business, and the equally innocent disremembrance on the part of Moulton when he omitted to state anything about Mrs. Tilton's letter, which enabled him to get the letter of retraction that he promised to protect with his life and pistol. Furthermore, we cannot see that our guileless muse can be provocative of aught but merriment, whereas the prevarications, forgetfulness and other deficiencies of the Pacific mailers and Brooklyn mailers can have no ending but disasterdire.—ED. CLIP.].....'Our Jim" did not go well enough in the theatre last week sought shelter in the saloon adjoining, where he was soon found by Butch Weston, a butcher-stand closer by. Butch went for the intruder with a yell and a cleaver; dorg developed a tremendous burst of speed on the sawdust, and tried to get clean out of the place by climbing up the stepladder whereon Pasty was flying his knife in the air; there was a sudden decline in pasty, and the artist gently reclined on the pavement, looking for the transit of the dog-star; the purp next ran into an old lady and upset her into a basket of eggs that was standing outside a grocer's door; grocer immediately called "Helen Blazes!" (I suppose she is the young lady who clerks in the grocery). Bill P. resumed his perpendicular, and limped across the street to "see a man." The groser had gone to see Denin. 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That *Bal'd Opera* which eventuated on Tuesday night of last week was a sort of "arf-and-arf" affair, and the only *bald* places observable were the legs and busts of some of the females in attendance; nevertheless, the exhibition was not so sensual in the sense you all expected, for the managers shut your eyes up to the blandishments that *might* have been....."Our Jim," who served "Three Years in a Saloon," "Ten Nights in a Barroom," and the same nights as one of the "Council of Ten," wants to know whether a *natural super*, materialized, could be turned into a *supernatural?*.....Billy Florence was the attraction at the Arch-street Theatre, Philadelphia, last week, and the attendance was quite fair, notwithstanding, owing to the snowstorms, there was "no thoroughfare" there. This reminds us that they have an actor in that house who *plays the devil* whenever opportunities offers. 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MR. AND MRS. GEORGE RIGNOLD arrived from England in the steamship Oceanic on Jan. 21. Mr. Rignold is to act a leading character in "Henry V" at Booth's Theatre.

SIGNOR CANTU, professionally known as Canito the man-monkey, died at his residence, in the rear of No. 413 Hudson street, on Jan. 18. Many years ago he was a very popular performer, and was quite successful in imitating the appearance and the peculiarities of the monkey race, but of late years he had seldom performed in public. When at the zenith of his fame he commanded the best of terms, and made money rapidly; but he died in extreme poverty, and for a long time before his death he and his family had been supported by the contributions of a few friends who had known him in more prosperous days. His funeral took place from his late residence on Jan. 21, the Rev. Dr. Houghton of "The Little Church Around the Corner" performing the funeral service in the presence of a few friends.

THE ATTENDANCE has continued large at the Union-square Theatre since our last report, standing-room being in demand nightly by eight o'clock, which proves that a good play, well acted and liberally mounted, will attract remunerative audiences, even in times when general business is partially paralyzed. Manager A. M. Palmer, although young in managerial experience, deserves much credit for the high position which this theatre now holds in public estimation. "The Two Orphans" will hold the boards for some time to come.

JOSEPH MURPHY began an engagement at Wood's Museum on Jan. 18, acting the first three evenings of the week and Wednesday matinee in his well-known drama of "Dixie," and during the remainder of the week in the equally familiar drama of "On Hand." A marked increase in the attendance was noticeable. "The Fenian Brotherhood" constituted the attraction at the customary matinees.

NOTHING NEW HAS TRANSPIRED at Booth's Theatre since our last report. "Little Em'ly" continues to attract a good average attendance, and the beautiful scenery and startling mechanical effects are the salient features of the performances. "King Henry V" is in active preparation, and it is said that Miss Neilson is to fulfill an engagement there.

THE LAST WEEK of "Twixt Axe and Crown" at the Lyceum Theatre will be the present. Neither Mrs. Rousby nor the play has created the sensation that was expected, and both must give place to something fresh. The attendance during the expired week was reasonably fair. Mrs. Rousby is to act Rosalind in "As You Like It" Feb. 1.

MRS. NANNIE SARGENT, the wife of Manager H. J. Sargent of the Athenæum, Columbus, O., is in the city.

ONE OF THE STEAM PIPES used for heating the entrance way of the Lyceum Theatre burst one evening during the past week, and the noise startled the audience, who made a rush for the doors; but a panic was prevented by the summary action of a few coolheaded persons, and, after quiet was restored, the play proceeded.

THE LICENSES MUST BE PAID.—The Society for the Reformation of Juvenile Delinquents during the past week obtained injunctions from Judge Barrett of the Supreme Court, sitting in chambers, against Julia Robinson and Frederick Maccabe, lessees of Robinson Hall, and William Stuart, Maurice Grau and C. Chizzola of the Park Theatre, restraining them from giving any further performance until the required license is paid. Mr. Maccabe promptly paid the sum demanded for Robinson Hall.

PAUL FALK, the proprietor of the Tivoli Garden, who was recently indicted by the Grand Jury for violating the Sunday theatrical law, was arrested on a bench warrant on Jan. 25, and taken to the District Attorney's office, where he gave bail in $1,000 to appear for trial.

BAZIN'S OPERA COMIQUE of "Le Voyage en Chine," not proving a remunerative card at the Park Theatre, was withdrawn after Wednesday night. The house remaining closed on Thursday, for the announced purpose of a dress rehearsal of "La Fille de Madame Angot" on Friday evening, Mlle. Berthe Girardin making her debut in America in the role of Clairette, with Mlle. Minelly as Mlle. Lange, and M. De Quercy as Ange Pitou. The company gave a fair interpretation to the opera, Mlle. Girardin, the debutante, a petite brunette, with a handsome and expressive face, conveying a most pleasing impression by her simple and ingenuous style; but while giving a clever vocal rendering to the role of Clairette, she lacked the power to successfully portray the more pronounced peculiarities of the daughter of Mme. Angot, wanting that dash and abandon, which made several of the numbers, notably the quarrel duet, tame in comparison with her predecessor in this role, Mlle. Aimee. Mlle. Minelly was, as on former occasions, most acceptable, while the vocalization and acting of M. De Quercy proved him to be the equal, if not the superior, of any of the French tenors who have appeared before us, he possessing a most admirable voice, combined with an excellent method. The remainder of the cast and chorus were fair, and the latter might be considerably strengthened, especially in the conspirators' chorus, and one or two other scenes, to produce the best effect. The company has in its ranks some of the best material for successfully producing the works of the opera-bouffe composers, and we shall look to the production of "Giroflé-Girofla," which is announced, to give us a stronger interpretation of Lecocq's musical ideas.....At the German Theatre German opera-bouffe was produced during the week, Miss Lena Mayr appearing on Monday, Jan. 18, in "Pariser Leben," Tuesday "Der Verschwender," Wednesday "Lucinde" and "Der Theatre," Thursday "La Belle Helene," Friday "Der Verschwender," and Saturday in "Der Fledermaus." On Sunday Theodore Thomas gave an evening concert at Steinway Hall, Mr. Constantine Weikert, a piano soloist from Leipsig, making his first appearance. The programme was a rich and varied one, comprising selections from Mendelssohn, Schumann, Wagner, Bach, Chopin, Brahms, and Beethoven.....The trapeze and flying performed by John Le Faver Manning; Master Leo in a musical act; Griffin and Rice in acrobatic songs-and-dances; Hughey Haggerty in Dutch character songs; Tim Morris and Ella Heffin in a musical act called "The Good Old Times;" and the sketches of "Getting Paid for Their Ways" and "The Hibernian Detective," in which Jimmy and Dolly Reeves, Harry Hart, C. F. Seabert, Sallie Adams, and Cora Cushman had characters.

LING LOOK, Yamadiva, Willis Pickerts, Sol. Smith Russell, May and Porter and Frank Donaldson comprised the additions to the company at the Olympic Theatre on Jan. 18, where a rush business has been done and is expected. Ling Look elicited applause by his familiar feats of eating fire, etc. Yamadiva gave difficult contortions of his body, which were vested with a certain degree of grace and much skill. Willis Pickerts danced a clog in an active, energetic manner. Sol. Smith Russell gave his impersonations of comical characters and his facial delineations, which were received with lavish applause. Mr. Russell is one of the most attractive cards upon the variety stage. The public never seem to weary of his performances, and it is with difficulty that he is enabled to retire with good grace even after responding to numerous encores. May and Porter in their banjo duets fully sustained the good opinion we have hitherto expressed of them. Frank Donaldson impersonated, with much fidelity and success, ape in the closing sketch, entitled "Guido's Pet, or the Sensible Ape," the death scene being particularly pathetic and touching. The other acts included songs by Alice Harrison; Dutch character songs and witticisms by Gus Williams; the startling acrobatic feats by the Garnellas; and the sketches of "Elocution" performed by Mr. Courtright and G. W. Reed, "Street Scenes in Washington," by William Gray in the chief character, and "Our Southern Homes," performed by Courtright and Gilbert.

MASTER MARTIN joined Bryant's Minstrels on Jan. 18. In the olio he gave a very agile and natural impersonation of a monkey in the

FROM CHICAGO, ILL., under date of Jan. 23, our correspondent sends the appended report of amusements: "A great dramatic success has been achieved at Hooley's, where, after weeks of elaborate preparation, 'Magnolia' was produced for the first time in Chicago on Jan. 18. Hardly ever before in Chicago was a play produced with so great fidelity to realistic effect in scenery and properties. The cast, which was unexceptionably strong, was as follows: Maurice Lavigne, Jas. O'Neill; Mr. Cummins, E. J. Buckley; Sam Craig, N. Salsbury; Wm. Johnson, Chas. Dade; Abijah Bantam, W. H. Crane; Old Toby, Geo. Ryer; Mr. Girard, H. M. Brown; Captain Whitney, D. Fitzpatrick; Magnolia, Miss Hawthorne; Lucy Johnson, Minnie Doyle; Mrs. Shelldrake, Mrs. Maeder; Cicely, Miss Gallagher. In an ensemble so excellent it would be invidious to point out any single evidence of merit, and praise is justly due to each member of the company, and the scenic artist, mechanicist and property-man are equally deserving. The glade scene in the fourth act, with approaching nightfall and the lighting up of negro cabins in the distance, was the most natural effect produced by the artist, though the river panorama and steamboat race and explosions were also excellent, and far more cleverly worked than one is led to expect by tradition or precedent. The piece will hold the boards until further notice. The attendance has been very large, vacant seats being the exception..... At the Academy of Music John McCullough has appeared in a round of favorite characters throughout the week, to which have been drawn all that element who delight in heavy drama and tragedy. He opened in 'Virginius,' in which he was ably supported by Harry Murdoch as Icillius, J. H. Wallack as Appius Claudius, and Miss Rachel Noah as Virginia. On Thursday evening, on the presentation of 'Jack Cade,' standing-room was at a premium. Sam. W. Piercy, erstwhile leading man at this theatre, is now a gentleman of leisure. The cause of Mr. Piercy's retirement may be traced to a difference of opinion as to which is the leading part after Virginius, Icillius or Appius Claudius. Next (this) week, Agnes Booth.....There has been a regular hiatus from the Museum company this week, Miss Mary Myers, Miss Fanny Marsh and Harry Murdoch having withdrawn, and John Dillon being on the indisposed list. The great moral drama still thrives, however, and good audiences have been in attendance. To-day, at the matinee, 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' will be played and repeated in the evening, and will constitute the bill for the entire ensuing (this) week..... McVicker's company are on their oars during the occupancy of the theatre by Max Strakosch and the Italian opera. On Thursday night of this week, on the presentation of the new opera of 'Lohengrin,' not a seat was to be had after seven o'clock. The troupe is large, but not so fine as some that have visited us hitherto under the Strakosch management."

AT FORD'S OPERA-HOUSE, Washington, D. C., "The Sea of Ice" was the attraction during the past week. Our correspondent says: "Milnes Levick as the Marquis del Monte and Carlos were more than filled requirements of the parts. Miss Gussie De Forrest as Ogarita made a favorable impression. Harry Hotto as Barabas was good, as he is in every character he impersonates. The part of Raoul De Lascours was rather poorly conceived. The gentleman's broad foreign accent seriously mars nearly every performance in which he appears. The scenic and mechanical effects were well managed. Charles Pope commences an engagement Jan. 25, opening in 'Samson,' and will be followed Feb. 1 by John T. Raymond. .....At the National Theatre, on Jan. 20, a new play, written by Mr. D. Benson Kelly of this city, and entitled 'The Dead Alive,' was presented, with Harold Forsberg in a dual character. The plot of the play is complicated and mysterious, yet interesting and exciting. The two parts impersonated by Mr. Forsberg seemed to have been written expressly to suit that gentleman's colloquial style of acting. He acquitted himself excellently well, though not very well supported. Owing to a series of adverse circumstances, but seldom illumined with a ray of fortune's sun, J. G. Saville has been compelled to retire from the management of the National Theatre. He closed his connection therewith on the evening of Jan. 23. In consequence of his retirement the theatre will remain closed during the present week. Mr. Rapley, the owner of the National, has secured the services of Thad. J. Barton, favorably known in this city as a successful caterer of public amusements, and who will at once enter upon his duties as business manager. The engagement of Baker and Farron for Jan. 25 was canceled by Mr. Saville."

FROM SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., our customary advices regarding amusements failed to reach us up to the time of going to press.

AT FOX'S AMERICAN THEATRE, Philadelphia, the attendance during the week ending Jan. 23 was excellent. Hermann, Miss Alice Placide and Dashing Charley, Frank Bell and Eddie Collyer, in their specialties, were the prominent novel features presented. The introduction of some new and surprising feats of magic, and the clever manner in which Hermann accomplished all he undertook, gained for him rounds of applause. Miss Alice Placide and Dashing Charley acted with much spirit in their drama of "Little Ride." Frank Bell's humorous speech and Eddie Collyer's dancing were also features deserving of mention. Miss Placide and Dashing Charley closed Jan. 23. The Coleman Sisters, Miss Winnetta Montague, Miss Viola Clifton, Miss Louise Sylvester, and Smith and Waldron commence on the 25th.

MR. AND MRS. BARNEY WILLIAMS appeared at the Walnut-street Theatre, Philadelphia, during the week ending Jan. 23, the second and last of their engagement, in "The Connie Soogah." The drama itself, with its stirring scenes and exciting situations, is well calculated to awaken the most lively interest, in addition to which Mrs. Barney Williams' personation of Nelly Nolan, and Mr. Barney Williams' Corney McGrath, may be regarded as the most successful of their dramatic efforts. Mr. W. E. Sheridan gave an excellent portraiture of the part of Lacy O'Connor. On the evening of the 23d inst. the drama was supplemented by the comedy of "The Customs of the Country," in which Mrs. Williams gave her inimitable personation of Melissa. Business excellent during the week. Edwin Booth commences an engagement Jan. 25, opening in Shylock.

E. L. DAVENPORT appeared at the Chestnut-street Theatre, Philadelphia, during the week ending Jan. 23 in "A New Way to Pay Old Debts," "St. Mark," "Damon and Pythias" and "Jack Cade," attracting excellent houses. Mr. Davenport as Sir Giles Overreach gave a most admirable interpretation of the varied passions of that personage, the painful struggle with conflicting emotions, in the last act, being most artistically portrayed. L. Davenport as Jack Ashworth, Mr. E. F. Thorne as Wellborn, and Mr. Alex. Vincent as Marall were especially deserving of mention for the effective manner in which they sustained their respective parts. Mr. George Kunkel and dramatic company appear on the 25th inst. in "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Mr. J. L. Toole and company commence a two-weeks' engagement Feb. 1.

W. J. FLORENCE played a week's engagement at the Arch-street Theatre, Philadelphia, opening Jan. 18 in "Dombey and Son." Captain Cuttle is a part peculiarly adapted for displaying his ability, and as a bit of character-acting may rank among his happiest personations. Miss Georgie Drew's Florence Dombey, Miss Emily Baker's Edith Granger, Mr. Charles H. Morton's Major Joe Bagstock, and Miss Hattie O'Neil's Susan Nipper were cleverly-sustained personations. During the last four evenings of his engagement, Mr. Florence appeared as Jules Obenreizer in "No Thoroughfare."

JOHN BROUGHAM commences an engagement at the Arch, Philadelphia, on Jan. 25, and will be followed on Feb. 1 by Oliver Doud Byron.

MR. AND MRS. BARNEY WILLIAMS, under the management of Mr. John T. Ford, namely, will appear during the present week at the following localities: Jan. 25, Wilmington, Del.; Jan. 26, Reading, Pa.; Jan. 27, Lancaster; Jan. 28, Harrisburg; Jan. 29, Easton; Jan. 30, Newark, N. J.

CERTAIN PARTIES in Philadelphia are said to be negotiating for Horticultural Hall in that city, in order to transform it into a theatre. It is understood that, if the project is carried out, Mr. E. L. Davenport will be the manager. We don't believe that there's anything in it.

WITH REGARD to the change next season in the management of the Chestnut-street Theatre, Philadelphia, there are no further particulars. The present lessee not being disposed to relinquish his claim.

MISS JULIA SEAMAN and the Kiralfy Sisters attracted excellent audiences at Col. Wood's Museum, Philadelphia, during the past week, in the drama of "The Deluge." The novelty of the week was the appearance of Miss Julia Seaman in the evenings of Jan. 22, 23, as Hamlet. Without instituting anything like a comparison, it may be fairly stated that her personation was marked by much intelligence. The stock company appeared in "Ireland as it Was" and "Robert Macaire" at the matinees. The cantata of "Queen Esther" is announced for the 25th inst., with Miss Ida Nichols in the title role, and a chorus selected from the principal church-choirs of Philadelphia.

J. H. WEBB & CO., dramatic, musical and equestrian agents, this city, insert their card in our business department.

RESPONSIBLE MANAGERS are referred to M. J. Jordan's card in another column. He can be engaged for leading heavy and character business.

THE TOWNSEND FAMILY closed a three nights' success at Le Roy, N. Y., on Jan. 20, producing their specialty of "Richard III" to a large and appreciative audience. A correspondent says: "Mr. John Townsend played Richard, and he was called before the curtain after the tent-scene, and again at the close of the combat with Richmond, Mr. Harry Townsend. The personation of the tragedy was well put on the stage, and well rendered throughout. Songs by Mrs. Harry Townsend followed, which were rapturously encored. The performance closed with the farce of 'The Two Barristers.' The band and orchestra were much applauded. The troupe opened at Mt. Morris, N. Y., on Jan. 21 for a three nights' season, and are billed for Geneseo and Dansville." The last performances of the Townsend Family in Ohio are thus spoken of by the press:

THE TOWNSEND TROUPE, which gave dramatic entertainments at Smith's Opera-house on the evenings of the 24th, 25th, 26th and 31st ult. and 1st and 2d inst., have left behind them so pleasant memories that should they ever visit us again their houses would be full to overflowing. They are a family of actors, and not actors by profession alone with what is called the "business" of the stage, the excellence of their band and orchestra, the elegance and appropriateness of their costumes, and but, not least, the perfect good breeding and courtesy manifested by all, unite to warrant their recognition as one of the best dramatic troupes before the public. And one feature of their entertainments exceptional and especial to mention we mean the entire absence of any grossness or indelicacy in either word or act. And not the least for this reason are they pleasant troupe to entertain in your household to the patronage of all who can appreciate and enjoy a really first-class dramatic entertainment.—*The Ashtabula* (O.) *Sentinel*, Jan. 6.

THE TOWNSEND FAMILY.—This dramatic company closed another successful engagement at the Opera-house last week. Mr. John Townsend has spent over fifty years on the stage, and, like many of the great actors, he seems to improve in his profession as he advances in years. In the play last Saturday evening of "Othello" he took the part of the Moor, and the loud and frequent shouts of applause showed that his successful efforts were duly appreciated. Last Christmas, at the Ashtabula House, he was presented with an elegant gold-headed cane from his band and business agent, Prof. Rossa, leader of the band, made the presentation speech in a few well-put words. This troupe, which numbers twenty-two members, have made many friends here, both in their business and professional acquaintances; and should they favor us again with their appearance here they will be again welcomed with crowded houses.—*The Ashtabula* (O.) *Telegraph*, Jan. 8.

H. A. KENDALL closed a successful season of two weeks at Lincoln, Neb., Jan. 16, appearing as Hamlet, Richelieu, Rip Van Winkle, Michael Garner, Solon Shingle, etc., to large houses, the railroads running in special excursion trains from the country within a radius of ninety miles. Of Mr. Kendall's Hamlet *The Daily State Journal* says:

The largest and finest audience of the season assembled at the Opera-house last evening to witness Mr. Kendall in his wondrous impersonation of Hamlet. His acting, from the first scene to the last, is excellent, and his reading is so perfect that the audience gets the full benefit of the text all the way through. The latter cannot be said of every Hamlet of the modern stage. He wins his first hearty applause in the scene in which he confronts the ghost. As rendered last night, this is a magnificent piece of acting, and contains points of originality, which mark the true artist. The audience sympathizes with him in the exact measure of his terror, because he stops short of the hysterical fright with which it is often overdone. It is with him a terror somewhat discounted by expectations and conversation. In the second act he is often superb, as in his interview with Polonius, and he closes with the soliloquy—"Oh, what a rogue and peasant slave am I!" delivered with an eloquent fervor which would take the coldest audience captive. The closet scene between Hamlet and his mother, which is believed by many to be the strongest test of acting in the play, is grandly done.

MUSICAL.

THE HYERS SISTERS concertized at Haverhill, Mass., Jan. 19, 20, 21, Newburyport 22, Lynn 24.

THE DE MERSKA CONCERT TROUPE sang at Belleville, Ont., Jan. 18, Cobourg 19, Toronto 20, London 21, St. Catherine's 22. Route: Erie, Pa., 25, Youngstown, O., 26, Akron 27.

THE OLD CONTINENTAL VOCALISTS, consisting of H. M. Rogers, J. Barton, P. O. Hudson and Joe A. Rayney, have been reorganized by Frank I. Curtis of East Saginaw, Mich., for a tour of three months through Michigan, Indiana, Ohio and Pennsylvania. Route: Lapeer, Mich., Feb. 1, Port Huron 2, Flint 3, Milford 4, Monroe 6, Adrian 8, Hudson 9, Hillsdale 10, Cold Water 11, Elkhart 12.

FRANK LOZARDO (Presentation Concerts), assisted by Miss Ida M. Gorden, Millie Ringnold, Geo. Stanley, pianist, and Chas. S. Wood, business-manager, performed at Lockport, Ill., Jan. 18, 19, Lamont 20, 21, Wilmington 22, 23. Route: Pontiac 25, Chenoia 26, 27, Lexington 28. A social ball is given after every performance, and presents are given by a selected committee to the best lady-dancer and the handsomest man present.

LEE & WALKER, music publishers, have recently issued "Died in the Streets," by Claude De Haven.

A SIMPLIFIED METHOD for the banjo, by George C. Dobson, is advertised in our business department.

THEO. THOMAS' CONCERT TROUPE will be at Brooklyn, N. Y., 26, New York 27, Ithaca 28, Binghamton 29, Elmira 30, Port Jervis Feb. 1, Middleton 2.

CAMILLA URSO'S TROUPE is announced to give a concert at the Scranton, Pa., Opera-house on Jan. 25.

PROF. WELLENSTEIN'S second piano recital at Fort Wayne, Ind., on Jan. 21, was a success, the Music Hall being filled with the elite of the city. Miss Belle Nirdlinger's solo from "Trovatore" won a hearty encore, as likewise did her trio of "God is Love" with Messrs. Harkemper and Heath.

G. H. ROWE, who advertises, has recently published a new song entitled "Lovely Martha Dear."

THE BEETHOVEN SOCIETY gave a concert on Jan. 23, at Musical Fund Hall, Philadelphia. The Orpheus Club assisted, and Miss Clara Lauderbach, Mrs. A. H. Darling, and Messrs. George Simpson and Charles H. Jarvis were the soloists.

THE COMPLIMENTARY CONCERT to Mr. George A. Conly, the well-known basso of Philadelphia, will be given on Feb. 8, at Concert Hall, in that city.

ROSA D'ERINA will give concerts at Horticultural Hall, Philadelphia, on Jan. 26, 27, and at the Academy of Music in that city on Feb. 1, 2.

THE KELLOGG ENGLISH-OPERA COMPANY closed a successful season of two weeks at the Academy of Music, Philadelphia, with the performance of "Ernani" at a matinee on Jan. 23. The programme during the second week included "Mignon," "Martha," "Faust," "The Marriage of Figaro," and "The Bohemian Girl," the latter ever-popular opera of Balfe's being presented on the 22d inst. for the benefit of Mr. Seguin, and drew the largest audience of the season assembled. Mr. and Mrs. Seguin have severed their connection with this company on account of a disagreement with the management, their resignations having been tendered and accepted on the 18th inst. In compliment to Mr. Castle, they appeared on the occasion of his benefit in Cincinnati, Jan. 18, Richmond appeared as Marguerite in "Faust" on the 20th for the first time, and created a favorable impression. Miss Addie Randall made her first appearance this season on the 20th inst., in the role of Siebel.

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WILLIAM N. STATES, the divorced husband of the late Mme. Agatha States, prima donna, who died in this city Sept. 2, 1874, was found dead in his bed at the Empire Lodging-house, Commercial street, San Francisco, Cal., at half-past five o'clock on Jan. 14. He was a native of California in 1849 from New London, Ct., his native town. He conducted a restaurant for a number of years on Long Wharf, and then became a special police-officer in the Chinese quarters. Mme. States separated from him on account of his dissipated habits. Since then he has earned a subsistence as a special watchman around circuses and other places of public amusement. Deceased was about 49 years of age.

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A good audience waded through the rain and slush last evening to enjoy the entertainment of the Berger Family. The troupe is deserving of much praise, being one of ladies and gentlemen who possess abilities of a high order. Miss Anna Berger is the star. Her fresh, piquant face, modest manner, and brilliant performance on several musical instruments, and the throwing of her whole soul into everything she undertakes, render her perfectly charming. L. Persey Williams' performances were encored several times. Mr. McKee's duets, and Mr. and Mrs. Berger's were warmly applauded, as were also the specialties of Le Grand. The entire concert was elegant, chaste and worthy of high praise.

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AT THE NATIONAL THEATRE COMIQUE, Cincinnati, O., writes our correspondent on Jan. 22, "the new people who opened on the 18th were Geo. S. Knight, Bettie Remmelsberg, Moulton, the Collins Brothers, and Ned West. Dick Ralph and Segrino were also billed, but did not show up, the former being now quite ill in this city. Mr. Knight opened in 'Rip Van Winkle,' and performed the title-role cleverly, but the piece was too long and slow to suit the audiences, and was shelved after three nights in favor of 'The Dutch Justice.' Miss Remmelsberg has proved quite an attraction in her graceful dances. Ned West is a spirited clog-dancer. The excellent songs-and-dances of Lew and Frank Collins were noted at their former appearance here early in the Winter. They are popular cards. Mr. Moulton, in the absence of his partner, performed very acceptably on the trapeze. Besides the specialties of the parties named, the programme has embraced the Irish songs of The O'Donohue, the extemporaneous songs of Joe A. Gulick, and a farce by J. W. Wesley, Nat Hyams, and Addie Johnson. The closings to-morrow will be The O'Donohue, who goes to Chicago, and George S. Knight. Next week the additions are to be Harry Monroe, Grace Harris, Davenport Brothers, Ned Reed, and La Pauline. Nat Hyams' Indian play, 'The Maid of the War Path,' is also to be brought out. Business this week shows some falling-off, but is still large."

AVENUE THEATRE, Washington, D. C., will open on Feb. 8 as a variety theatre. Artists are wanted, and can address George W. Bauer, lessee and manager, who advertises.

BABY AND JENNIE BENSON commence an engagement at San Francisco, Cal., on March 1. All communications can be addressed to James Fish, care of this office.

MISS DORA BISHOP, serio-comic vocalist, can be engaged by addressing as per card.

BUSINESS at the Odeon Variety Theatre, Newark, N. J., has been excellent during the past week, notwithstanding the hard times. An attractive programme was presented on the 18th inst., and included "The Courtship Family," by James Roome and Harry Shay; Miss Lizzie Shelton in a neat skipping-rope dance; "Barney's Courtship," by those popular favorites James Collins and Martha Wren; Barney Reynolds in Dutch specialties, Harris and Carroll in songs-and-dances, and the Richmond Sisters in their pleasing songs and specialties. The performances concluded with "The Hidden Hand." .....At the Palace Music Hall business continues good. Billy Shepard, an old Newark favorite, is still in the company, which has been strengthened by the addition of George Wood, Harry Healey, Frank Mara, Sallie King, Little Clara and Lizzie Lindsley. A fair entertainment is given here, considering the prices, 15 and 25 cents..... The Metropolitan Hall is doing its share of business, and the performance will compare favorably with each of the other concert halls. The performance of Ernani gave satisfaction, and the Monzert Sisters, Mons. Viona, and a troupe of Tyrolean singers fill out an entertaining programme.....Opera-hall, a new institution for public favor, has been drawing light houses during the week. Phil Frazier, J. A. Sninkle, and Dutch Schaefer, the largest audience of the season assembled. Mr. and Mrs. Seguin have severed their connection with this company on account of a disagreement with the management, their resignations having been tendered and accepted on the 18th inst. In compliment to Mr. Castle, they appeared on the occasion of his benefit in Cincinnati, Jan. 18, Richmond appeared as Marguerite in "Faust" on the 20th for the first time, and created a favorable impression. Miss Addie Randall made her first appearance this season on the 20th inst., in the role of Siebel.

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FIRST-CLASS VARIETY TALENT and dramatic stars are referred to the card of J. P. Rogers, proprietor and manager of the Theatre Comique, Washington, D. C.

CLAUDE DE HAVEN attends to all business transactions for the Orrin Brothers, gymnasts. See card.

AT THE NATIONAL THEATRE COMIQUE, Cincinnati, O., writes our correspondent on Jan. 22, "the new people who opened on the 18th were Geo. S. Knight, Bettie Remmelsberg, Moulton, the Collins Brothers, and Ned West. Dick Ralph and Segrino were also billed, but did not show up, the former being now quite ill in this city. Mr. Knight opened in 'Rip Van Winkle,' and performed the title-role cleverly, but the piece was too long and slow to suit the audiences, and was shelved after three nights in favor of 'The Dutch Justice.' Miss Remmelsberg has proved quite an attraction in her graceful dances. Ned West is a spirited clog-dancer. The excellent songs-and-dances of Lew and Frank Collins were noted at their former appearance here early in the Winter. They are popular cards. Mr. Moulton, in the absence of his partner, performed very acceptably on the trapeze. Besides the specialties of the parties named, the programme has embraced the Irish songs of The O'Donohue, the extemporaneous songs of Joe A. Gulick, and a farce by J. W. Wesley, Nat Hyams, and Addie Johnson. The closings to-morrow will be The O'Donohue, who goes to Chicago, and George S. Knight. Next week the additions are to be Harry Monroe, Grace Harris, Davenport Brothers, Ned Reed, and La Pauline. Nat Hyams' Indian play, 'The Maid of the War Path,' is also to be brought out. Business this week shows some falling-off,

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MR. CYRIL SEARLE, LEADING JUVENILE ACTOR, at present traveling with the SHIEL BARRY COMEDY COMPANY
in the West Indies, will return to America on or about March 15, when he will be pleased to treat with responsible managers for long or short engagements.
The part of Claude Melnotte was taken by Mr. Cyril Searle, who electrified his audience with the force of his genius. Mr. Searle's Claude Melnotte deserves more than a passing notice. It was an excellent and well-sustained piece of character acting, such as we seldom witness. Avoiding extreme exaggeration, the actor succeeded in giving a picture at once strong in color, suitable in tone and altogether artistic, showing vivacity, with nothing overdone.—ST. THOMAS TIDENTE, Jan. 6, '75.
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